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RETROSPECTIONS.

'Tis strange how soon we come to look
With tenderness on vanished years,
As on the pages of a book
Whose leaves are somewhat stained by tears:
And some are bright with many a piece
Of sculptured work and fairy rhymes
Of songs whose memory will not cease,
But fills the soul with endless chimes,
And it is pleasant when we find
Amongst the many records there;
Short verses mark'd and underlined,
Whose truth was passing sweet and rare,

But some—who is there feels it not?—
There are which grieve our hearts to read,
Defaced and stained by many a blot
Of long regretted word or deed:
Dead flowers there are whose lustrous bloom
We loved so well, long since has fled,
We never thought they had perfume
Until their gorgeous hues were dead;
And then with what deep bitterness,
We felt that we had loved in vain,
And what was meant for happiness
Had idly been exchanged for pain.

This is not all—I cannot tell
What darker pages some may scan;
But this I know—that it is well
We have another judge than man.
And he who for his error grieves,
As up the narrow path he climbs,
Knows it is well to turn the leaves,
And look back on the past sometimes.

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE PENN.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

EXACTLY," said Dutch again.

"But how dreamy you are! What are you thinking of?"

Dutch started, for in spite of his love and trust he was thinking of the handsome Cuban being installed at his home, and always in company with his innocent young wife, while he was away busy over his daily avocations.

"I beg pardon, did I seem thinking?"

"That you did. But never mind, you'll do this for me, Pugh?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," said Dutch, making an effort; while the figure of the Cuban seemed to be coming like a dark shadow across his life.

"Well, yes, I do wish it, Pugh, and I am very much obliged. By the way, though, what will she say to your going out on the expedition."

Dutch shook his head.

"By Jove, I never thought of that," said Mr. Parkley. "Poor little woman, it will be too bad. I tell you what. I was going to get old Norton to mind the business. I will not. You shall stay at home."

"I should like to go," said Pugh, quietly; "but situated as I am, I should be glad if I could stay."

"So you shall, Pugh—so you shall," said Mr. Parkley.

And nodding his head over and over again, he left Dutch to his thoughts.

He left for home that night, with the cloud seeming to darken round him. He felt that under the circumstances he was bound to accede to his partner's wishes, and yet he was about to take this man, a stranger, to his own sacred hearth, and he shuddered again and again at the ideas that forced themselves upon his brain.

"I've said I'll receive him," he said at last, half aloud; "but it is not yet too late. Hester shall decide, and if she says 'No,' why there's an end of it all."

A short run by the rail took him to his pleasant little home—a small house, almost a cottage, with its tolerably large grounds and well-kept lawn. The little dining and drawing rooms were shaded by a broad green verandah, over which the bed-room of the young couple looked down, in summer, upon a perfect nest of trailing roses.

Dutch gave a sigh of satisfaction as he saw the bright, sunny look of pleasure that greeted him, and for the next hour he had forgotten the dark shadow as he related to his young wife the great advance in their future prospects.

"I do love that dear old Mr. Parkley so," she cried, enthusiastically. "And now, Dutch, dear, tell me all about what this foreign gentleman is taking up so much of your time about. Why, darling, is anything the matter?"

Dutch sighed again, but it was with satisfaction, as with a mingling of tender love and anxiety the little woman rose, and throwing one arm round his neck, laid her soft little cheek to his.

"Matter! No, dear. Why?" he said, trying to smile.

"You looked so dull and ill all at once, as if in pain."

"Did I? Ah, it was nothing, only I was a little bothered."

"May I know what about?"

"Well, yes, dear," he said, playing with her soft hair, as he drew her down upon his knee. "The fact is that Mr. Parkley is anxious for some attention to be paid to this Cuban gentleman—this Mr. Laure."

"And he wants us to ask him here," said Hester, gravely; and for a moment a look of pain crossed her face.

"Yes. How did you know?" he cried, startled at her words.

"I can't tell," she replied, smiling again directly. "I seemed to know what you were going to say by instinct."

"But we cannot have him here, can we?" said Dutch, eagerly. "It would inconvenience you so."

She remained silent for a moment, and a warm flush appeared upon her face, as he gazed at her searchingly; for it was evident that a struggle was going on within her breast, and she was debating as to what she should say. Then, to his great annoyance, she replied:

"I don't think we ought to refuse Mr. Parkley this request, dear. I hardly liked the idea at first, and this Mr. Laure did not impress me favorably when we met."

Dutch's face brightened.

"But," she continued, "I have no doubt I shall like him very much, and we will do all we can to make his stay a pleasant one."

Dutch remained silent, and a frown gathered on his brow for a few moments; but the next moment he looked up, smiling on the sweet ingenuous countenance before him, feeling ashamed of the doubts and fancies that had intruded.

"You are right, dear," he said, cheerfully. "It is a nuisance, for I don't like any one coming between us, and spoiling our evenings; but it will not be for long, and he has come about an enterprise that may bring us a considerable sum."

"I'll do all I can, dear," she cried, cheerfully.

And then, going to the piano, the tones of her voice fell upon the ears of Dutch Pugh even as the melodies of David on the troubled spirit of Saul of old, for as the young husband lay back in his chair, and listened to his favorite songs, sung it seemed to him more sweetly than ever, the tears gathered in his eyes, and he closed them, feeling that the evil spirit that assailed his breast had been exorcised, and that the cruel doubts and fears were bitter sins against a pure, sweet woman, who loved him with all her soul: and he cursed his folly as he vowed that he never again would suffer such fancies to gain an entrance to his breast.

For quite an hour they sat thus, she singing in her soft, low voice, ballad after ballad that she knew he loved; and he lying back there, dreamily drinking in the happiness that was his, and thanking Heaven for his lot. For the shadow was beaten back, and true joy once more reigned supreme.

He was roused from his delicious reverie by the touch of two soft, warm lips on his forehead.

"Asleep, darling?" whispered Hester.

"Asleep? No," he cried in a low, dull voice, as he drew her to his heart. "Awake, darling—wide awake to the fact that I am the happiest of men in owning all your tender, true, womanly love."

As he spoke his lips sought hers, and with a sigh of content, and a sweet smile lighting up her gentle face, Hester's arms clasped his neck, and she nestled closer to his breast.

CHAPTER V.

A WAKING DREAM.

THE next day, after a long and busy discussion, in which Laure took eager interest, and during which plans were made as to stores, arms for protection against the Indians of the coast they were to visit, lifting and diving apparatus, and the like, the Cuban was installed at the cottage, and that first night Dutch saw again upon his face that intense admiration the dark, warm-blooded southerner felt for the fair young English girl. For a girl she still was, with a girl's ways, prettily mingled with her attempts to play the the part of mistress of her own house. The young husband felt a pang of jealous misery await him as he sat back in the shade of his prettily-furnished drawing room, seeing their visitor hover about the piano while Hester sang, paying endless attentions with the polish and courtesy of a foreigner, various little refined acts, being such as would never have occurred to the bluff young Englishman.

"I'm a jealous fool—that's what I am," said Dutch to himself: "and if I go on like this, I shall be wretched all the time he is here. I won't have it—I won't believe it. She's beautiful, God bless her! and no man could see her without admiring her. I ought to be proud of his admiration, instead of letting it annoy me; for, of course, it's his foreign way of showing it. An Englishman would be very different; but what right have I to fancy for a moment that this foreign gentleman, my guest, would harbor a thought that was not honorable to me? There, it's all gone."

He brightened up directly; and as, with a pleasant smile, Laure came to him soon afterwards and challenged him to a game of chess, the evening passed pleasantly away.

The days glided on rapidly enough with Dutch Pugh always repeating to himself the stern reproof that he was unjust to his guest and to his young wife to allow a single thought of ill to enter his heart; and to keep these fancies away he worked harder than ever at the preparations for the voyage, being fain, though, to confess the one thing that urged him on was the desire to be rid of his guest.

"I don't think much of these furren fellows," said Rasp, one day, when, after a shorter stay than usual at the office, Laure had effusively pressed Dutch's hand and gone back to the cottage. "How does Mrs. Pug like him?"

Dutch started, but said, quietly:

"Suppose we get on with the packing of that air-pump, Rasp. You had better get in a couple of the men."

"All right," grumbled the old fellow, "I wasn't going to leave it undone; but if I was a married man with a 'ansum wife, 'ang me if I should care about having a smooth-tongued, dark-eyed, scented foreign monkey of a chap like that at my house."

"You insolent old scoundrel!" cried Dutch, flashing into a rage; and he caught the old fellow by the throat, and loosened him again with an impatient "Pish!"

"Just at that," said Rasp, in an ill-used tone, and seizing the poker, he sent the red-hot cinders flying as he stoked away at the fire.

"I desire that you never speak to me again like that. How dare you!"

"Ah, all right, Mr. Pug, I won't speak again," said Rasp. "I didn't mean no offence. I only said what I thought, and that was as I didn't like to see that furren chap always a-hanging after going back to your house, when he ought to be here, helping to see to the things getting ready."

"Rasp!" said Dutch, angrily.

"Well, so he ought to, instead of being away. Nobody wants him to take off his yaller kid gloves and work, but he might look on. He's going to be a niste one, he is, when he gets out in the place where we're a-going. He'll have a hammock slung, and a hawning over it when we gets out in the hot sunshine, that's about what he'll do, and lie on his back and smoke cigarettes while one works. Say, Mr. Pug, I wish you was going with us!"

He went and had another stoke at the fire, and glanced at Dutch's back, for he was writing, and made no response.

"Sulky, and won't speak," muttered Rasp; and, going out, banged the door after him.

"The fancies of a vulgar mind," said Dutch to himself, as soon as he was alone. "The coarse thoughts of one who cannot understand the purity of feeling and thought of a true woman; and I actually let such thoughts have a place in my breast. Bah! It's disgraceful!"

He glanced round the office, and then angrily devoted himself once more to his work, for it seemed as if the great goggle-eyed diving helmets were once more bending forward and laughing at him derisively.

"I will not have this office made so hot," he muttered impatiently; and he worked on for some time, but only to fall dreaming again, as he said, "A little more than a fortnight and we shall be ready. Good luck to the expedition. I wish it were gone."

Then, in spite of himself, he began thinking about the conduct of Laure at his house, and wishing earnestly that he had never agreed to his reception as a guest.

"But, there, he is a perfect gentleman," he argued; "and his conduct to me is almost too effusive. Little Hester must find him all to be desired, or she would complain. Hallo, who is this?"

"Company to see you," said Rasp, roughly; and, as Dutch left his stool, it was to meet Captain Studwick's invalid son and his sister, who came in, accompanied by a quiet, gentlemanly-looking young man, whom he introduced as Mr. Meldon.

"The medical gentleman who attends me now," said John Studwick, smiling; "not that I want much, do I, Mr. Meldon?"

"Well, no, we will not call you an invalid, Mr. Studwick," said the stranger.

"Fact is," said John Studwick, "I've set up a medical man of my own. Mr. Meldon is going with us on the voyage."

"What voyage?" said Dutch, eagerly.

"Oh, you don't know, of course," said John Studwick, laughing. "My father thinks a sea voyage will set me right, and I am going in the *Sea King*. Bessy's going too."

"Indeed," said Dutch, looking from one to the other, while Bessy colored slightly, and turned away.

"Yes, it's just settled this morning. Mr. Parkley is willing, so we shall have a sea voyage and adventure too. I say, Mr. Pugh, you asked me to come to your house."

"Yes, and I shall be very glad," said Dutch smiling.

"Well, we can't quite fix a day when we can be introduced to this Spanish Cuban gentleman. I'm curious to know my fellow-passenger. Sick man's fancy."

"Thursday week, then," said Dutch, eagerly. "Mr. Meldon, perhaps, will join us."

"I shall be very happy," replied that individual.

And he glanced at Bessy, who colored again slightly; and then, after a few words about the voyage, in which John Studwick expressed his regret that Dutch was not going on the expedition, the little party went away.

"If I'm not mistaken," said Dutch to himself, as he climbed to his stool, "there's somebody there to heal the sore place in poor Bessy's heart. Poor girl! If I was not coxcombical to say so, I should think she really was fond of me. Then come forth, little loadstone," he said, with a look of intense love lighting up his countenance, and raising the lid of his desk he took from a little drawer a photographic carte of his wife, and set it up before him, to gaze at it fondly.

"I don't think I could have cared for Bessy Studwick, darling, even if there had been no Hester in the world."

As he gazed tenderly at the little miniature of his wife's features, there seemed to come a peculiar look in the eyes—the expression on the face became one of pain.

He knew it was fancy, but he gazed on at the picture till his imagination took a wider leap, and as if it were quite real, so real that in his disturbed state he could not have declared it untrue, he saw Hester seated in her own room, with every object around clearly defined, her head bent forward, and the Cuban kneeling at her feet, and pressing her hands to his lips.

So real was the scene that he started away from the desk with a loud cry, oversetting his stool, and letting the heavy desk lid fall

a crash. Then Rasp ran into the office, armed with a heavy diver's axe, and then stood staring in amazement.

"Is any one gone mad?" he growled.

"It was nothing, Rasp," said Dutch, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"I never heard nothing make such a row as that afore," growled Rasp.

And then putting the axe down, he made for the poker, had a good poke at the fire, and went out muttering.

Dutch opened the desk on the instant, but the scene was gone, and hastily closing the lid again he began to pace the room.

For the moment his intention was to rush off home, but he restrained himself for the time, and tried to recall the past; but his brain was in a whirl. At last he grew more calm, and took out his watch.

"Only five o'clock," and he had said that he should get some dinner where he was, stop late at work, and not be home till after nine.

He was to stay there and work for another three or four hours—to make calculations that required all his thought, when he had seen or conjured up that dreadful sight. No; he could not bear it. His nerves tingled, his brain was throbbing, and incipient madness seemed to threaten his reason, as he prepared to obey the influence that urged him to go home.

"The villain!" he groaned. "It must be a warning. Heaven help me, I will know the worst."

CHAPTER VI.

A PLEASANT EVENING.

DUTCH PUGH seized his hat and coat, and was about to dash into the street, when the remembrance of that evening before the coming of the Cuban came upon him, and he replaced them.

"Stop a moment," he said, hoarsely, as he began to walk up and down once more. "Let me think—let me take matters coolly, or I shall go mad. There, there, this will not do. I'm going up and down here like a wild beast in his cage."

He made an effort, and forced himself to sit down.

"Now," he said, "let's see. What does this mean? Here am I, a strong, full-blooded, sane man, and what have I been doing?"

He paused for a moment before answering his question.

"Letting my mind dwell on thoughts that are a disgrace to me, till I imagine—yes, imagine—so vividly that it seems real, all that nonsense. I picture the scene, I magnify a simple piece of cardboard, and make it fit my own vile imaginations till I see what could never have taken place; and on the strength of that, what am I going to do? Why, rush off home as jealous and mad as an Othello, ready to distort every I see, believe what does not exist, and generally play such a part as I should repent to my last day. Poor girl! has it come to this, that I cannot trust you, and am going to play the spy upon your actions?"

"No, hang me if I do. Now, look here, Dutch, this is not manly," he continued, catechising himself. "You are foolishly jealous of that man, are you not?"

"Yes," he said, answering his own question.

"Now, then, why are you jealous? Has your wife ever given you the slightest cause!"

"Never, so help me Heaven."

"There, then, does not that satisfy you? Why, man, if every one who has a handsome wife were to act like this, what a world we should have. So much, then, for your wife. Now, then, about this man—what of him? He is polished and refined, and pays your wife attentions. Well, so would any foreigner under the circumstances. Shame, man, shame. He is your guest; the guest, too, of a woman whose truth you know—whose whole life is beyond suspicion. You leave her every day to go here or there, and does she ask you where you have been—what you have done? Does she suspect you? Why, Dutch Pugh, you wretched maniac, if she saw you talking to a score of pretty women how would she act? I'll tell you. She'd open those sweet, candid eyes of hers, and beam upon you, and no more doubt your truth than that of Heaven.

"And I'll not doubt yours, darling," he muttered, going to the desk, taking out the photograph, and kissing it before putting it back; and then, tightening his lips, he took his seat, fixed his attention upon his work, and grew so intent that the next time he looked at his watch it was close upon nine, when, in a calm, matter-of-fact way, he walked all the way home.

In spite of his determination, he could not help seeing that Hester looked pale and troubled when he entered the little drawing-room, and that her manner was strange and constrained. She met his gaze in a timid way, and, without doubt, her hand trembled.

He would not notice her, though; but began chatting to them, Laure being in the highest of spirits, and relating anecdotes of his travels till Dutch felt in the best of spirits, and it was near midnight when they all rose for bed, Hester looking very pallid—so much so that Dutch noticed it.

"Are you quite well, dear?" he asked.

She raised her eyes, and was about to speak, when she caught Laure's eyes fixed upon her in a strange manner, and she replied hastily:

"Oh, yes, dear, quite—quite well."

"You don't feel any of your old symptoms?"

"Oh, no," she replied, smiling. "You are so anxious about me."

"No wonder," said Laure, "with such a pearl of a wife. Well, I must to bed. Good night, dear host and hostess."

He advanced to Hester Pugh and kissed her hand, turning directly to Dutch, and pressing his so affectionately that the young Englishman returned the grip with such interest that the Cuban winced, and then smiled as he saw in Dutch's eyes how honest and true was the intent.

"I was sorry to be detained to-night," continued Dutch, frankly; "it must be very dull here. Look here, Hester, I've asked John Studwick and his sister, and Mr. Meldon, a doctor, to dinner on Thursday. Send a letter to Miss Studwick yourself, and ask Mr. Parkley as well, so as to have a pleasant evening."

Hester Pugh brightened up directly, and began to talk of the arrangements for the dinner, while the Cuban went off with a peculiar smile upon his face.

"But I don't know what to say about this, Dutch," said Hester playfully, as she made an effort to be gay, and shake off the lassitude that seemed to oppress her. "Report says, sir, that Miss Bessy Studwick was very fond of a certain gentleman we know."

"Poor Bessy!" said Dutch, thoughtfully.

"Poor Bessy, sir. Then it was all true?"

"What, about Bessy Studwick, darling? Well, I think it was. It sounds conceited of me to say so, but I believe it was the case. But," he added, drawing her to him, "this certain gentleman only had one heart, and a certain lady took possession of it all. Hester, my darling, I never in my life had loving thoughts about more than one woman, and her I love more dearly every day."

She closed her eyes, and the tears gathered beneath her lids, as he pressed her to his heart and sighed gently.

Miss Studwick's name was mentioned no more that night.

The time passed quickly away, and the Thursday came.

Dutch had been so fully occupied, and so determined not to listen to the promptings of his fancy, as he called it, that he refused to take any notice of the way in which the Cuban had settled down at his house. From being all eager now to get the expedition fitted out, and ready to be pettish and impatient with Mr. Parkley and Dutch for their careful, deliberate preparations, he seemed now quite careless, pleading indisposition and spending the greater part of his time at the cottage.

The dinner passed off most pleasantly, and the table was made bright by the magnificent flowers the Cuban had purchased as his offering to the feast, and by the rich fruit Mr. Parkley had added in his rough, pleasant way, coming down to the cottage with a heavy basket on his arm, and smiling all round as he dabbed his face and head, hot with the exertion.

To the great delight of Dutch, he saw that quite a liking had sprung up between his wife and Bessy Studwick, both evidently trying hard to let him see that they indulged in no thoughts of the past, while the Cuban ceased his attentions to Hester, and, taking Bessy down to dinner, heaped his foreign, nameless little results of polish upon the tall, Juno like maiden.

The only person in the party who looked grave was John Studwick, who watched all this with uneasy glances, though it must be said that he seemed just as much annoyed when Mr. Meldon, the young doctor, was speaking to his sister. He lacked no attentions, though, himself; for, compassionating the state of the invalid's health, both Dutch and Hester tried hard to make the meeting pleasant to him.

"The little wife looks ill, Pugh," said Mr. Parkley, as they went in to dinner. "You ask Mr. Meldon his opinion about her by and by. Our coming worries her."

"I'll ask her if she's poorly or worried," said Dutch, smiling. "Hester!"

She came up to him looking pale and startled, but he did not notice it.

"Mr. Parkley thinks you wish all the visitors anywhere," said Dutch, playfully.

"He does not," said Hester, placing her hand on Mr. Parkley's arm. "He knows he is always so very welcome here."

She went in with him to dinner, and evidently exerted herself greatly to chase away the cloud that shadowed her, devoting herself to her guests; but in spite of her efforts, her eyes were more than once directed partially to where Laure was chatting volubly with Bessy Studwick, and, meeting his, remained for a few moments as if fascinated or fixed by his gaze.

Later on in the evening, when they were all in the drawing-room, Hester seemed quite excited, and full of forced gaiety, while Laure was full of anecdote, chatting more volubly than ever. Before long he was asked to sing, and Hester sat down to the piano.

While he was singing, in a low, passionate voice, some Spanish love song, and those near were listening as if enthralled, Dutch felt his arm touched, and John Studwick motioned him to follow into the back drawing-room, and then, seeing it was impossible to speak there, Dutch led the way into the little dining-room, where, with the rich tones of the Cuban's voice penetrating to where they stood, the invalid, who seemed greatly excited, caught his host by the arm.

"Dutch Pugh," he said, "I like you because you're so frank and manly, and that's why I speak. I shan't go out with this expedition if that half Spanish fellow is going too. I hate him. Look how he has been pestering Bessy all the evening. I don't like it. Why did you ask him here?"

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Dutch, "be reasonable. You expressed a wish to meet him."

"So I did. Yes, so I did; but I don't like him now. I don't like his ways. Pugh, if I was a married man, I would not have that fellow in my house for worlds."

"My dear John Studwick," said Dutch, uneasily, "this is foolish. He is a foreigner, and it is his way."

"I don't like his way," cried the young man, whose cheeks were flushed and eyes unnaturally bright. "If he won Bessy from me I should kill him. I was afraid of you once, but it's passed now."

"But, my dear boy," said Dutch, laying his hand on his shoulder, "you must expect your sister to form an attachment some day."

"Yes, some day," said the young man—"some day; but let her wait till I'm gone. I couldn't bear to have her taken from me now. She is everything to me."

"My dear Studwick, don't talk like that."

"Why not?" he replied, with a strange look. "Do you think I don't know? I shall only live about six months; nothing will save me."

"Nonsense, man! That sea trip will set you right again. Come, let's get back into the drawing-room."

He led the way back, and, seeking his opportunity, whispered to Bessy Studwick that her brother was low-spirited, and taking her from the Cuban's side, he made John Studwick happy by bringing her to him.

The Cuban's eyes flashed, and he arose and crossed the room, so that when Dutch looked in that direction it was to see that he whispered something to Hester, who glanced at him where he was standing by Bessy.

The next minute he was seized by Mr. Parkley, who backed him up into a corner, where he seized one particular button on the young man's breast, a habit he had, going to the same particular button as a small pig seeks the same single spot when in search of nutriment.

"Dutch," said Mr. Parkley, as soon as they were alone, and while he was busily trying with his left hand to screw the button off, "Dutch, shake hands."

The young man did so, wonderingly.

"That's right; no one's looking. That chap's going to sing another song, and little Hester's getting ready the music. See here, Dutch—you won't be offended at what I say?"

"Offended? Absurd!"

"Old tried, staunch friend, you know. Wouldn't say a word to hurt you, and I love that little girl of yours like a father—just as if she was my own flesh and blood."

"And I'm sure Hester loves and respects you, Mr. Parkley."

"Yes, yes, of course; and that's what makes me so wild about it."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Parkley," said Dutch, uneasily.

"There, that's what I was afraid of when I spoke. But I must say it now, Pugh. I'm afraid I made a mistake in asking you to invite that Cuban here. I'll ask him to come and stay with me."

"Indeed, I beg you will do no such thing, Mr. Parkley," said Dutch, hotly, as his face burned with mortification. "I understand what you mean, sir, and can assure you that your suspicions are unjust."

"I'm very glad to hear you say so, Pugh, I am indeed," said Mr. Parkley, earnestly. "Don't be angry with me, my dear boy. I'm getting old—stupid, I suppose. There, don't take any more notice of what I said."

Under these circumstances, it was hard work for Dutch Pugh to preserve an unclouded face before his guests, but he strove hard—the harder that he was annoyed at people for having the same fancies as those he had tried so hard to banish. It was, then, with no small feeling of pleasure that he welcomed the time when his guests departed; but even then he was not to be spared a fresh wound, for on taking Bessy Studwick down to the fly, she said to him, in a low voice:

"Dutch, I have been trying so hard to-night to love your wife. I do so hope you will be very happy."

"Thank you, Bessy, thank you," he said, warmly. "I'm sure you wish me well."

"I do, I do, indeed," she whispered earnestly; "and therefore I say I do not like your new friend, that foreign gentleman. He is treacherous; I am sure he is. Good night."

"Good night!" said Dutch to himself, as he stood on the gravel path, with the gate in his hand, listening to the departing wheels; and then, in spite of his determination, the flood of evil fancies came rolling back; sweeping all before it.

"They all see it, and think me blind," he groaned, as he literally reeled against the gate. "Those thoughts, then, were a warning—one I would not heed. Hester—Hester—my love!" he moaned, as he pressed his hands to his forehead. "Oh, my God, that that it should come to this!"

He stood leaning against the gate-post for a few minutes, in a stunned, dazed way; but recovering himself, he clenched his hands, and exclaimed through his teeth:

"I will not believe it. She could not be false."

He strode in, apparently quite calm, to find Hester standing by the fireplace, looking very scared and pale; while Laure, who had thrown himself back upon the couch, began to laugh in a peculiar way.

"Ah, you English husbands," he said, banteringly, "how you do forsake your beautiful wives. But, there, the fair visitor was very sweet and gracious. I almost fell in love myself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A NEW CURE FOR GOUT.—The Bohemian bee, it appears, cures gout. You take three bees, place them on the toe or the finger, or whatever part that is afflicted, and request them to sting. They sting accordingly. The bee or the finger swells much, and when the swelling has gone the gout has gone, too.

OLD STYLE OF CONVEYANCE.—When carriages were not in use, in the time of Henry VII., of England, the peers of the realm carried their wives behind them on horseback when they went to London; and in the same manner took them back to their country seats, with hoods of waxed linen over their heads, and wrapped in mantles of cloth to secure them from the cold.

SOUP IN SWEDEN.—The ordinary routine of dining seems in Sweden to be in wild confusion. Soup sometimes ends instead of beginning the dinner. Iced soups and cold fish are dainties to the Scandinavian palate. Much of the soup is nauseously sweet, flavored with cherries, raspberries and gooseberries, often with macaroon cakes and spikes of cinnamon floating wildly about in it. This is eaten as a sort of desert, and is cold and often beautifully clear.

THE SPIDER'S LOVE FOR MUSIC.—Spiders hear with great minuteness, and it is affirmed that they are attracted by music. One author relates the instance of a spider used to place himself on the ceiling over the spot where a lady played the harp, and which followed her if she removed to another part; and he also says that a celebrated violinist when a boy, saw a spider habitually approach him as soon as he began to play, and which eventually became so familiar that it would fix itself on his desk and on his arm.

A SIAMESE GOD.—One of the sacred white elephants worshipped by the Siamese recently died, and was accorded a magnificent funeral. A hundred Buddhist priests officiated at the ceremony. The three surviving white elephants, preceded by trumpets, and followed by an immense concourse of people, accompanied the funeral car to the bank of the Menan River, where the King and his noble lords received the mortal remains, which were transported to the opposite bank for burial. A procession of thirty vessels figured at that curious ceremony. All the floating houses, ranged in double file to the number of over sixty thousand, were adorned with flags of all colors and symbolic attributes.

AN ACTRESS'S CHAMBER.—A visitor to the home of Sarah Bernhardt, the famous French actress, writes: She slept in a coffin continuously for three years. She does not do so now. I asked her why she gave up the habit. She said she had grown tired of it, as the coffin was uncomfortable. She said she wished to familiarize herself with the thought of death. I saw her boudoir. The carpet was of black velvet, with flowers in silver, the furniture covered with black velvet, and the walls curiously decorated in the same fashion. A skeleton of a man who she said had died of love in Mantua hung before the mirror, with finger pointing at its own reflection. I could not remain in the room, it was so suggestive of horrible thoughts.

HEATHEN IDEA OF HADES.—The natives of the Marquesas Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, picture hell as a region of profound darkness, no ray of light ever entering it except on arrival of a spirit from earth. By this ray the newly condemned spirit is guided to the place appointed for him—or it—and there he remains in impenetrable shadow until the next comer brings a flash of light. They are, however, singed on entrance, because they are then obliged to pass a huge demon, who flaps his wings and exhales fire continually. Women, it may be interesting to know, are not sent to the Marquesas Tophet, owing to the love and devotion they bear the native chiefs and priests, who would be inconsolable without them, even in Paradise.

The agent of a Swedish colony of 10,000 persons is in negotiation with the Canadian Government for lands.

PLAYING FALSE.

BY A. O. G.

ONE fine evening at the end of June a girl and two young men were standing under the porch of pretty Ashton cottage.

The trio were laughing and chatting as gaily as children just let out of school. Judging by an occasional shout for "Pat," they were evidently waiting for some one else.

Tardy Pat—a broad-shouldered young fellow of about eight-and-twenty, rather above the middle height, and not by any means good-looking—soon made his appearance. He came along struggling into his well-worn coat—underneath which was a woolen jersey—explaining to his companions that he had just stayed to give a helping hand to Mr. Sinclair, who had come upon a tough bit of ground in the kitchen-garrden, which had been too much for the old gentleman's strength.

The four then took their way to the river, flowing near the house, on boating purposes intent, as evidenced by the nautical costumes of the males.

Arrived at the end of the avenue, they turned to the left, along the bank, until they came to where the high wall of Kilcraddock House threw a welcome shade on the river path. A little way beyond the angle of the wall was a seat, and fronting it were wooden steps leading down to the river. At the foot of these a boat was moored, and in this they were soon all seated; Frank Sinclair steering, William Mostyn, or Pat, as he was familiarly called, and handsome Harvey Devaine rowing.

As the boat shot out into the stream, upon the bosom of which the sunlight rained a golden shower, Conny Sinclair, trailing her firm white fingers through the cool water, felt, although she seldom met, the gaze of the dark, close-set eyes opposite. The bright summer evening, the charm of the surrounding scenery, the beauty of the man himself, the very lull of the plashing oars—all served to feed the feeling that had stolen into Conny's heart since her acquaintance with this fortnight-old friend, whom William Mostyn had, to his own bitter after-regret, introduced.

William Mostyn was the son of a near neighbor of the Sinclairs. He and his father had come to the neighborhood only two years before, shortly after the death of Mrs. Mostyn. The Sinclairs being their closest neighbors, an intimacy had sprung up between the families.

William Mostyn, or Pat, although a day never passed without seeing him at Ashton cottage, had never known what his feelings were towards the beautiful girl who always treated him with the same frank familiarity as she would have done an elder brother, until, in an evil moment, he took the young journalist Harvey Devaine—who had run down by invitation one Saturday afternoon for a pull on the river—with him to his friends the Sinclairs.

Before Harvey Devaine left that night poor Pat knew that love had lain slumbering, in his own security, in his heart—goodness knows how long—only to be awakened by the sight of its birth in his friend and Conny.

When the boat neared the landing-steps again, the summer moon, radiant in the starry heavens, was flooding everything with its silver light.

Devaine was the first to spring on shore and help Conny out, Pat and Frank staying to secure the boat.

No word was spoken by the two who went on before, and the silence became embarrassing to Conny; still not for worlds could she break the "charmed hush" by any commonplace observation.

"I'm jolly hungry, I can you! What have we for supper, Conny?" shouted unsentimental Frank. "I shall take the short cut through here;" and, suiting the action to the word, he plunged into the long fragrant grass and made straight for the house, followed by the rest.

Conny said: "Won't you have some supper, Pat—you and Mr. Devaine.

"No, thank you, Conny," was the half-sad reply; "my father is all alone, so I'll not stay. I'll just go in and say good-night to your father and mother." Saying which he left the two together, although the act of magnanimity cost him a hard struggle.

It was Devaine's turn to hold the shapely hand which thrilled to his touch.

"Good-night, Conny."

How sweet the name sounded to herself pronounced, for the first time, by his lips!

"Good-night, Mr. Devaine."

They stood in the shadow of the porch, and as hand clasped hand Harvey Devaine's moustached mouth touched Conny's dimpled cheek.

"Good-night, Mr. Sinclair. Good-night, Mrs. Sinclair." Pat's rather loud leave-taking startled them apart; then with a decorous hand-shake they all separated.

"Mother, I'm going across to hear the nightingales," said Conny coaxingly to the old lady, who, with her husband, had settled down after supper to a game of cribbage, which Conny knew would last another hour at least—it was then about nine.

By "across" she meant the grounds of Kilcraddock House, and Conny was soon threading her way along the moonlit walks of the grand old garden to her favorite retreat—a high summer-house overlooking the river, built almost immediately above the landing steps where Pat's boat was always kept moored.

And now, alone at last with all her fluttering new-born bliss, recalling every word and look, remembering every intonation of the musical voice, blushing again with the memory of her lover's kiss, Conny sat wrapped in a dream of love's own conjuring.

By-and-by, borne upon the warm night air, came the harbinger of man's lordly presence—tobacco fumes; and soon from her hiding place she saw the two men, Pat and Harvey Devaine, coming along the path.

As they approached Devaine was saying:

"Your ideas, my dear fellow, won't do for the present age. In fact, I don't believe they ever applied to men and women living in the world. In society, where a man meets with so much temptations, I affirm it's impossible."

"I don't believe it," was Pat's curt and dogged reply.

"My dear Mostyn," said Devaine, seating himself on the bench just underneath Conny's watch-tower, "you never do see things in the same light as other people. Your ideas of honor, truth, business, marriage, are all very fine, but simply not practical. Who but you would ever dream of bullying me about little Ada? Did I seek her out? What is a man to do if the women are such consummate asses? They are all alike; they never rest until they get a fellow in their toils; and, when he grows weary of the joke, they kick up the deuce's own shindy, and begin to rave about man's inconstancy and selfishness. Constancy, by Jove!"—here he laughed amusedly. "I don't believe a man could be constant if he tried."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Pat gravely, as he too seated himself—"that is all very fine in the 'light-o'-love' affairs men indulge in; but when it applies to marriage, to that partnership for life, it alters the case. I tell you, Harvey, that when a man weds a woman, taking his helpmate, to share his lot, for better or worse, in riches and in poverty, and, by so doing, takes from her every other chance in the world—setting aside all religious cant and maudlin sentiment—I say he is pledged to her as sacredly as she to him; and, to my mind, being unfaithful to a wife is as dastardly and dishonorable as playing false on a chum."

As Pat delivered himself of this opinion, energetically enforcing each word with a wave of his meerschaum, he rose to his feet and strode on, leaving Devaine stretched out at full length on the seat, his elbow supporting his handsome head, his cigar between his lips, which were curled with an amused and pitying smile. With one swift glance at the man lying below, and a long wistful look at Pat's receding figure, Conny turned and swiftly but noiselessly retraced her steps homewards.

* * * * *

"Then this is your final answer?"

The speaker was Harvey Devaine, who, pale even to his lips, was standing in the parlor of Ashton cottage, having just taken up his hat as if to go.

"Yes, Mr. Devaine," was Conny's low but firm reply.

"Then, Miss Sinclair, I compliment you upon being the most perfect coquette it has ever been my honor to know."

She had just governed her trembling lips to answer, but the moment the door had closed she threw herself in a corner of the sofa and cried as though her heart would break.

Three weeks had passed by and Pat had not put in an appearance at Ashton cottage. Frank and Mrs. Sinclair brought home his excuses for not having called. His plea was unusual pressure of business.

Conny scarcely missed him at first, by reason of the hard battle she was hourly fighting with herself; but, like the true, brave girl she was, she never flinched from the contest, but, facing the trouble, did her best to overcome it.

But at last he came. He had waited until it was dusk before he ventured to trust his tell-tale face to the scrutiny of Conny's—and most likely Devaine's—keen eyes. Passing round the garden to the back of the house, where the sitting-room was, in which the old people almost invariably played their evening game of cards, to his surprise there sat Constance alone, reading by the light of the lamp, which shed, to his thinking, a pallor over her dear face.

For one moment he meditated flight. He never would be able to go through the form of congratulation which would be expected of him. Just then Conny raised her head, and he was seen. As he stepped through the French window, she rose hastily and, putting out both hands, exclaimed:

"Oh, Pat, I am so glad to see you again!"

Holding her hands very tenderly in his own, he said, looking wistfully into the beautiful gray eyes:

"Conny, I have been a sad coward. Do you know I could not summon up the courage to come and wish you joy?"

"Wish—me—joy?" she echoed slowly and wonderingly. "Oh!" A sudden light seemed to dawn upon her. "Pat, you are all wrong," she said, with a faint approach to her old saucy smile.

The hands that Pat held were grasped so hard as to cause her pain.

"Conny, don't joke, but tell me—tell me—did not Devaine——" As he hesitated, she supplied the words.

"Ask me to be his wife? Yes."

"And you, Conny——"

"I refused him, Pat."

"Thank Heaven!" said Pat fervently, pressing the dear hands passionately to his lips.

"Amen!" was Conny's low and solemn answer. "And now, Pat"—and all her bright manner returned—"come and sit down and tell me——"

"Wait a minute, Conny," said he, without relinquishing her hands; "I want you to tell me something else."

"What is it, Pat?"

"If—if I were to"—the tender voice grew husky in its intensity—"to ask you the same question that Devaine did, what would your answer be?"

"Why, Pat, my answer would be"—here she disengaged one of the imprisoned hands and, laying it confidingly on his shoulder, looked gravely and frankly into his face—"'Yes.'"

And Conny never regretted having given her life into the keeping of the man who scorned the idea of "Playing False" on an old chum.

The Frozen Bride.

BY C. S. A.

IT was a dark, tempestuous night. The wind howled and swept furiously through the old forest, and around the ancient castle, whose towers had withstood the storms of two centuries. The snow fell thick and fast.

Gustave Gaehler, the present lord of the castle, was seated alone in his chamber. His wife and daughters were absent in a neighboring city; his only son, a youth of twenty years, and the two domestics—who, at present, constituted the rather slender guard of the frowning battlement—had retired at an early hour, weary with the chase that had occupied them since sunrise. Midnight had just been tolled by the clock.

He had that day late in the afternoon received a heavy sum of money, and was busied now in counting it over, intending to deposit it early on the following morning in the bank of Kiel. It was rather risky in those days—which date as far back as 1743—for the owner of even so strong a hold as his, to retain long upon his premises a golden treasure of such weight.

The thick, dark forest—on the edge of which his castle stood, and which stretched in gloom miles beyond him—was the rendezvous of a daring band of brigands, and, the bold chieftain, who for five years had been the terror of the country, having learned that for one night the mighty sum would be in the banker's castle, determined to obtain it at once, and under cover of the darkness and storm led his band with stealthy paces to the spot.

The silence of death had reigned for some time in the old castle. Gaehler had nearly finished his work, when suddenly he was startled by a noise. Hastily turning the key, he hurried to the door, and after cautiously listening for a moment, became convinced it proceeded from below. He immediately lighted a dark lantern, armed himself with his cutlass and double-barreled gun, and descended with noiseless step the grand staircase, determined to ascertain the cause of so strange a noise at that late hour. He soon found that some one was hard at work on the outside, striving to make a breach in the wall immediately beside the great entrance door, which was guarded on the inside by a strong iron bar.

Having satisfied himself that such was the state of the case, in less time than it has taken to tell it, he at once awakened his son and servants, and revealed to them their peril. Without the least noise or sign, he stationed one domestic in the rear of the mansion as a sentinel, to apprise them should the brigands divide their forces in the hopes of succeeding there more easily. The other was sent to the armory for a strong rope, and ordered to rejoin him and his son at the front door as soon as he had procured it.

Silence and darkness reigned throughout the castle. The dark lantern alone indicated to those within the progress making by those without in their deep laid villany, as they fancied, in the most perfect security. As soon as the banker saw that a man's arm was thrust through the opening in the wall, and that the robber's hand sought to raise the iron bar which secured the door, he was at once on the alert. He quickly made a running knot of his rope, passed it around the wrist of the robber, strained it tightly, drew the arm further through, and fastened the other end of the rope to the iron balustrade in such a manner that the robber found himself pinned to the inner wall, unable to stir an inch.

A breathless hush for a few moments succeeded, then a confused sound from the outside, and something like the muffled tread of men in a deep drift. Gaehler, as soon as he was satisfied that the robbers were fleeing, directed his domestics to despatch after them a round of gunshots. They then waited quietly awhile longer, until fully assured of the flight of all but the pinioned man, and then unbarred the massive door, and swung it slowly back to seize their prisoner.

A sight to chill the blood of even those stern men greeted their vision. Instead of a living man, struggling to be free, they saw nothing but a naked, blood-stained corpse; and what most appalled them, was the fact that it was a headless one. The warm red drops of vitality were still oozing from the severed veins, gurgling over the scarcely chilled shoulders, and down the yet unstiffened limbs.

Inured as the old banker was to scenes of terror—for he had passed his early years in the camp and on the battle-field—he could not look calmly on a sight like that; he could not ask the servants to loosen the slip-knot that had been so fatal, and handle the mutilated corpse. They closed the door upon it, and flinging an old robe over the white arm and hand which hung in the deadly noose, they hastened to an upper and distant room, and waited with impatient hearts for the break of dawn.

Slowly, tediously wore the hours away; but not until the sun was quite high in the heavens, could the four men break the spell which the last night's horror had flung over their nerves and hearts, and proceed to their duties. It was determined after some consultation to dispatch young Gustave with one of the old retainers to the neighboring town, not only to call upon it for a suitable escort to carry thither the treasure which had come nigh being fatal to them instead of the headless prisoner, but to summon with them a detachment of police to hold the corpse, and see if it would give a clue by which the living villains could be detected. Leaving by the back entrance, and not trusting to look back lest the horrid sight should again appal them, the two hastened on, and despite the drifts which everywhere impeded them, despatched their errand.

Soon after the clock had struck the chimes of noon they returned with not only those for whom they had been sent, but a number, too, of the first citizens of the place. They entered, as they had left, in the rear of the building, and, proceeding to the grand hall, were informed by Gaehler of the successful strategem he had adopted, and the mantle being withdrawn, were shown the rigid arm and hand, with the rope yet fastened on the wrist. Then the door was opened; each had strung his nerves to look unblanchingly upon the sight. But the blood which had curdled in their veins as they looked upon the fettered limb, now rushed like a lava torrent; and their hearts, which they had steeled to human feeling, were in an instant vital with the keenest of pulsation, and every eye wept and every bosom sobbed.

There, upon the cold stone sill, half buried in a snow-drift, clasping the feet of the murdered man, sat a young and lovely woman. Frozen tear-drops clung to the silken lashes of her half closed eyes, and her parted lips were stained with blood, as though she had pressed frantic kisses upon the gory hand that hung just above her brow. She was cold in death. They buried them in one grave—sad though it seemed, that the beautiful and pure should rest beside the sinning and the vile.

Two years after, the formidable band were surprised in their stronghold, captured, and made to suffer the vengeance of the laws they had so long outraged. The mystery that yet hung over the affair of the midnight attempt on the castle of Gaehler was then elucidated. The captain, perceiving one of his men thus imprisoned; feared that if he left him, he might reveal that which would destroy them all. He consulted a few moments with the rest, and hesitated an instant, whether he should cut off the arm and strive to bear the wounded man away, or cut off the head and leave him. Fear decided them, and he was decapitated, his body despoiled of its clothing and left.

But wicked as the young robber was, there was a romance about his life. He had one day secured from unmanly outrage a young and beautiful girl, whom some of them captured. He had obtained permission of his chief to retain her as his own, and in one of those caverns of which legend tells many a story, he had given her a secure home. There thenceforward he carried his treasures; there he wooed and won her.

She had been three months his bride, when he had left her on that stormy evening to join his band in the attack upon the castle. Unknown to him, she tracked his steps, and after watching them file off in their narrow path, waiting anxiously for their return. Their hardened hearts beat wildly for a time, as they marked her agony when she found not amongst them her beloved.

With the step of a chased deer, she bounded from them, and away through snow and storm. They dared not follow her, and only guessed, as did those who found her on the morrow, that she had died of horror.

SELF REPROACH.

BY HENRIETTA CAROLINE FUMERSEY.

'Tis when Affection's heart hath ceased to beat,
Loss speaks of loss, in sorrowful appeal,
When Memory cometh with her silent feet,
Then, if there feeling be, 'tis then you feel.

There is no anger in those sightless eyes,
Two words alone are said, "The past—the past,"
Powerless—you long for power t' recall the prize
Of that fond heart that loved you to the last.

There is no pain—nor has been—nor will be
Like Self Reproach, no guilt so hard to bear;
You try to flee it, but it will not flee;
Abroad, at home, the shadow still is there!

Is this not just? That which was cast in strife,
These burning tears, unkindness made to flow,
Now fall from you—companion of your life,
Who yearn'd in sweet accord with you to go.

It is a common, easy thing to weep,
When grief availeth not, to grief parade;
So act before not after that long sleep,
That death, nor dream can ever make afraid.

To be preferr'd e'en were the prison's gloom,
Than Conscience ever gnawing in the breast;
Yea, e'en to be preferr'd the scaffold's doom,
Than self-upbraiding's pitiless unrest.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"NO, indeed, I had no idea of that; and I am sorry to hear it," returned he; "I believe Lord Crehylls is gone away on affairs of his own."

"Ah, you own that!" exclaimed Mrs. Gilbert. "You don't credit the story of the revenue cutter any more than I do!"

"I have no doubt the cutter is lost, and I am very sorry for it," said Mr. Pydar; "but to confess the truth, I do not believe Lord Crehylls was on board of her. Now I'll tell you my little history: Two days ago a swaggering scoundrel called upon me. He hinted at some secret he knew, which, as far as I could make out, he fancied Lord Crehylls would pay him well to keep.

"Well, and you suppose from all this——" said Mrs Gilbert, impatiently.

"I infer from this," interrupted the justice, "that Lord Crehylls got into some scrape years ago, the consequences of which are pursuing him now. Had I been Crehylls, I should have stayed at home, and kicked this fellow into the river when he came to me."

"In that case I can't think the matter very serious," observed Mrs. Gilbert.

"Some wild, youthful scrape, most likely," continued the justice. "Mr. Lanyon will pay this fellow, or hush the affair up somehow, and then you'll find Lord Crehylls will come back."

"I hope he will," returned Mrs. Gilbert. "And you think Miss Sylvester will come back, too."

"I have no doubt of it," replied the gentleman. "She is not answerable for the disappearance of Lord Crehylls."

"Nor the child's either?" asked Mrs. Gilbert.

"No," replied Mr. Pydar. "What should she do with the poor boy? And we'll find him in a day or two. The tramps, who have stolen him will get lynched when they are caught."

Thereupon this male and female gossip parted. It will be seen that Lord Crehylls had been unable to restore his child to its mother. Scarcely had he reached the *Penkivel* when her crew perceived she was chased by the cutter, which, under cover of the gloom, had secretly followed Michael Polgrain's boat. So all sails were set, and the *Penkivel* dashed out to sea, with the cutter in full chase.

When the sun rose on that June morning watchers on the coast saw the cutter, foundered in the heavy sea; but many weary weeks went by before any tidings of the "Penkivel" reached the hearts that mourned for her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AS Madeline neared London, her thoughts dwelt more and more anxiously on Maurice Pellew. She felt instinctively that he would disapprove of her conduct in quitting Mr. Lanyon's guardianship, and in throwing herself thus alone in the world. The explanation he would require she could not give. In her words to Lord Crehylls she had promised silence; and in her letter to Mr. Lanyon she had deliberately and explicitly repeated this promise. She meant to keep it. Lord Crehylls, relying on her word, had accepted exile; and Mr. Lanyon, relying on it also, would spend the remnant of his days in tranquility. To take Maurice into her confidence, would be to yield up all power from her own hands into his; and she knew how he would act—he would put the law in force,—the cruel, murderous law, which she hated; he would drag Mr. Lanyon into a court of justice, and make her a witness against him. This she was resolved never to do; and by the shudder which crept over her frame at the thought, she was fain obliged to confess that her heart yearned more lovingly over the bowed, shrinking figure of Mr. Lanyon, than over the wronged man, her father, whom she could but so dimly remember. The first was a reality; the second only a dream, a picture, which touched her imagination even to tears, but left her soul untroubled. The calm affection, rooted in long habit, which she felt for Mr. Lanyon, could neither be shaken by grief nor enhanced by fancy; while her love for the poor wrecked and reckless suicide was the growth of a day, and needed all the strength of her imagination and anger to keep it a lively feeling.

When the weary journey was over at last, and the coach stopped at the Bull and Mouth Inn, Madeline looked around eagerly for Maurice, but he was not there; so no friendly hand or friendly voice greeted her as she found herself for the first time alone in London. The hope of seeing her lover had cheered her through many and many a dreary mile, and the disappointment, now fell upon her spirit like an evil omen; and even when rest and refreshment had calmed her over-tried nerves, the same chill forboding rested heavy on her heart.

She waited an hour, she waited two hours, and still Maurice did not come; then, with tears held proudly in, she sent for a coach, and drove to that poor, shabby suburb, where resided Mrs. Rathline and her son, Tom Singleton. At the top of the little dismal row she alighted, and walked the rest of the way.

The door of the dismantled house stood ajar, perhaps the bell-wire was broken and the knocker gone, and these dilapidations obliged Madeline to tap with her fingers on the paint-worn panel. This she did till all patience was exhausted, for although she heard voices in the room within, the people there apparently never heard her, but kept up their eager conversation, regardless, or deaf to her efforts to gain their attention. At length, being quite hopeless of making herself heard, Madeline entered the narrow passage, and stood for a moment in silence, contemplating the strange picture, which to her unaccustomed mind the inmates of the untidy room presented.

Mrs Rathline sat in her hard chair, twisting bits of silk between her feeble fingers; the children, with a box of sawdust before them, were stuffing pin-cushions, with much noise and squabbling. On the floor, before the fire, knelt a slight, well-made figure toasting a small chop at the end of a short fork, evidently much burning his face and hands in the process.

"Now, mother," he cried, cheerfully, "this will be done in one moment. Toss away your work, and prepare to dine like a princess. It is not every lady has got such a good cook, I can tell you."

"I know that," returned Mrs. Rathline, in a tearful voice. "There is no one in the world like you, Tom. You are killing yourself for a poor sickly thing, who is weary of being a burden to you."

"Be quiet, mother, do," returned Tom. "I don't look a bit like being killed. I am thinking much more of being married."

"Married!" exclaimed Mrs. Rathline. "Ah! you mean to Sherborne's daughter, when we find her. Don't talk of that, Tom—you give me the horrors. There is another misery for me. I feel sure that you'll marry that dreadful girl just for the sake of giving me comfort."

"Not a bit of it, mother," replied Tom. "Why mayn't I fall in love with her, and marry her for herself?"

"Fall in love with her!—with Walter Sherborne's daughter! My dear Tom, you couldn't possibly!" said his mother in a tone of disgust.

"Don't make too sure of that, mother," said Tom, in the same cheerful way. "I am afraid I feel inclined to like her already, poor girl! I can guess too well how sore a heart she must carry in her breast. It is sad enough to have a bad father and a foolish mother, without having to bear the unthinking cruelty of the world, which——"

"Tom, Tom!" cried Mrs. Rathline, beating her hands together; "do you mean that for me? I know I have been a foolish mother."

"No, you haven't," said Tom, quietly; "and there is no one will ever dare say so to me. How could you think, mother, I meant such words for you? Now, my dear little woman, here's your chop done to a turn, and the queen herself hasn't got a better one."

As Tom Singleton rose from his kneeling posture, Madeline involuntarily drew back out of sight. His words had touched her, and she felt too agitated to present herself just then. She thought, too, that her presence would sadly disturb Mrs. Rathline's enjoyment of the small dinner which her son was so anxious she should eat with an appetite, and Madeline smiled to herself as she resolved Tom should not be disappointed. So she went a little way down the passage, and waited full five minutes before she again endeavored to make her presence known! During this time the talk still went on, still about herself, and Madeline listened to it intently. She listened because she wished to understand these people, and to help them if she could. They were the only relations she had in the world, and different as they were to herself, she yet hoped there might be some sympathy between them. Ragged and poor, and wretched as they were, they were the only people on earth to whom she was anything more than a stranger, or, worse still, an enemy; and so here, in this cramped and grimy passage, she felt less forlorn than she had at Castle Crehylls, during the last weeks of her unwelcome sojourn.

"My dear Tom," said Mrs. Rathline, querulously, "you almost spoiled my appetite by talking of Madeline Sherborne. I know it would be a good thing for us all, but I do so dread your marrying her."

"Don't be alarmed," replied Tom, laughing—"she won't have me. That high and mighty Mr. Pellew scorns the idea of such a thing. Not that I care for his ideas," continued Tom. "I hope she and I will be able to judge for ourselves what we ought to do."

"I wonder Mr. Pellew can talk in that way," observed his mother. "And what business is it of his whether Madeline Sherborne marries you or not? I think if he knows where she is, he ought to tell us. But he was mighty close with me, although he could ask questions enough on his own account."

"Questions?" repeated Tom.

"Yes," replied his mother; "he wanted to know where Mr Rathline was, and who he was, and where I first met him, and all sorts of things besides. Among others, he was particularly curious about that old knapsack, which I am sure Mr. Rathline has had ever since I knew him; and then he——"

"Mother! mother!" cried Alice, "here's a lady knocking at the door! And she has been standing staring at us these five minutes. I do believe," she added in a whisper.

Shaking the sawdust from her hands, Alice set the door wide open, and Madeline stepped within the room. Then she saw in full light the poverty of the scene,—the wild, hard-faced children, in untidy garments; the pale, sickly mother,—the lack of comfort, and all the bareness of their grim misery; but, standing among them, with a glow of light upon his face, she saw too the small slight figure of Tom Singleton. What a face his was!—not handsome, scarcely even good-looking, and yet so earnest and true and kindly that every eye lingered on it pleasantly, and even sour lips broke involuntarily into smiles.

Madeline's wonderful beauty, her grace, and stateliness, and perhaps also her rich dress and air of elegance, struck the children dumb with amazement.

Mrs. Rathline also gazed at her in weak surprise, and Tom only, coming forward with a deep flush upon his pleasant face, had the presence of mind to offer her a chair.

Then Madeline held her hand towards him, and said, softly, "I am your cousin, Madeline Sherborne."

Mrs. Rathline screamed in surprise, while the flush died from out Tom's cheeks, and the hand grasping Madeline's trembled nervously.

"I am glad to see you," he said; "and I wish we had a better place in which to welcome you."

Mrs. Rathline said nothing; her eyes were fixed on Walter Sherborne's daughter in mute wonder, and, to tell the truth, in anger also. She was vexed at Madeline's beauty—vexed that in stature she towered above Tom, and in outward appearance, grace and elegance, seemed his superior.

"Do not apologize," said Madeline. "Your welcome would make any place pleasant."

Tom Singleton's earnest, thoughtful eyes brightened at her words, and his face glowed as with sudden sunshine. But when he would have spoken, his mother broke in upon his speech hastily.

"We don't want compliments, Miss Sherborne," she said, in her sharp, yet feeble voice. "We know this is a room in which a lady can scarcely sit down; and the few comforts we had we have been robbed of by a villain."

"My dear mother," began her son.

"Never mind, Tom," she continued, "I shall tell the truth. Miss Sherborne, we are very poor, but poorest of all in being allied to a bad man. He robs us continually, and the law helps him. A few days ago there was nothing in this room but the chair I sit on, and now that poor Tom has got a few things together again, I dare say Mr. Rathline will come back and sell them."

Rather discomposed by this history of family affairs, Madeline only responded to the concluding words.

"I believe I saw Mr. Rathline in Cornwall," she said.

"In Cornwall!" repeated Mrs. Rathline; "what was he doing there?"

"I cannot tell you," replied Madeline.

As she spoke, Madeline looked earnestly at Mrs. Rathline, but she saw no sign on her feeble and sickly face, betraying any knowledge of her husband's motive for visiting Castle Crehylls. To Madeline's own mind it seemed clear as day. This man, by some strange means, either knew or suspected the guilt of Lord Crehylls, and he was gone to wring money from his frightened conscience. She felt glad he would be disappointed—glad the young nobleman had escaped the coarse bullying and bartering to which the threats of the swaggerer would have exposed him. She knew he would keep silent—his chance of getting money in the future would be lost else, and she had no doubt he would succeed eventually in procuring an interview with Mr. Lanyon, and by working on his terrors and his feebleness obtain a liberal sum.

"Let us hope Mr. Rathline will stay in Cornwall," observed Tom Singleton. "I assure you, Miss Sherborne, we are very glad to be rid of him."

"Does he live here, when at home?" asked Madeline.

"No, indeed," answered Tom; "this is my house, and he never ventures even on a visit, except when he is quite sure I am out of the way."

"I am glad of that," returned Madeline. "for I was going to propose to your mother to take me as a lodger; and I certainly could not endure the presence of Mr. Rathline, towards whom I have taken a great repugnance."

"You should never be troubled with him," cried Tom Singleton, whose whole face beamed joyfully as she spoke of lodging with them. Mrs. Rathline, however, looked aghast.

"We have no furniture, no accommodation for you," she said, coldly; "and the cruel will your great aunt has made leaves us no hope of ever being better off."

"Don't say that," observed Madeline, kindly.

Madeline did not see the effect of these words on her cousin. A hot flush rose to his brow, and the kind, earnest eyes, which to a common observer seemed so insignificant, filled with the light of hope and tenderness.

"But I must say it," persisted Mrs. Rathline, crossly,—"you are rich," she said, scanning with a critical eye the purple silk, the plumed hat, and lace mantle which Madeline wore. "You cannot understand our poverty, or tell how bitter is our disappointment."

"You are mistaken," said Madeline, calmly. "I am very poor, and at this moment so forlorn and friendless, that if you refuse me a lodging, I know not in this great city whither to turn my steps to find one."

The kind lines about Tom's mouth quivered, but he did not speak, though he looked eagerly at his mother. She, with feeble hands upraised, gazed suspiciously at Madeline.

"If you are poor, how can you dress like that?" she asked, in a hard tone.

A rush of color flew to Madeline's face; the rude question shocked her. Accustomed by Mr. Lanyon's bounty to every luxury and refinement, she had thought nothing herself of her dress; and she had yet to learn that in severing herself from his care, she had quitted the honor and comfort of an assured position, exchanging it for one of doubt, suspicion and danger.

"I was adopted as a child by a rich gentleman in Cornwall," she replied; "and my education and all else I possess, I owe to him. But circumstances have arisen now, which separate us for ever, and I am out in the world by myself, determined to live by my own exertions."

She could not speak of Mr. Lanyon without some slight quivering in her voice, but Mrs. Rathline's ear was deaf to this.

"Circumstances!" she replied, as her pinched, sickly face took a suspicious look. "I can't understand what circumstances could happen to make a man change his mind, after succoring you for many years."

"Mother!" exclaimed her son.

"Be quiet, Tom dear," said Mrs. Rathline, peevishly. "I like to understand things properly. What were the circumstances that parted you, Miss Sherborne?"

"I have promised not to mention them," replied Madeline, quietly.

"Of course not," interposed Tom, eagerly. "We are strangers. Why should you tell us all your affairs? Don't you see, mother, how impossible it is for Miss Sherborne to give us her confidence all at once?"

Mrs. Rathline was silenced for a moment, then she glanced again uneasily at Madeline.

"I don't think you would be happy here," she said. "Your ways are not our ways. You have been brought up by a rich gentleman, you say. You must be used to a lot of comforts which you won't find in this poor place."

"But I am going to learn to do without them," said Madeline. "And being young and quite alone, and you being my only relative, I had hoped you would not be unwilling to give me the comfort of your protection."

She rose as she spoke, as though she thought the conference over and her request refused; but Tom Singleton's eager words made her sit down again.

"And my mother will be delighted to be of use to you," he cried. "It is only her fear that you will suffer discomfort here, which makes her appear unwilling to receive you."

"If you have set your heart on Miss Sherborne's coming here, of course I give in, Tom," said Rathline; "but she knows well enough there is only one way in which we can all be comfortable together, and to that Mr Pellew said she would never consent."

Tom's distress was so visible and painful, that his mother checked her peevish voice suddenly, looking half frightened at her injudicious words. Madeline rose abruptly to depart.

"Will you let me know your final decis-

ion to morrow?" she said, laying her address on the rickety table. "Of course you will understand that I will pay whatever you think fair for my board and lodging."

All this dialogue had been interrupted by the whispering and squabbling of the children, whose remarks on Madeline were quite audible, and of a nature greatly to disconcert poor Tom Singleton.

"She is too proud for me," whispered Alice. "I shan't like her."

Ignoring this and similar observations even less complimentary, Madeline took leave of Mrs. Rathline, accepting Tom's escort to the coach which awaited her.

"Mr. Singleton," she said, as they walked up the dingy row, "I think it best to speak quite openly to you. Neither you nor I can help the singular and unjust will which our aunt has made, but surely it need not prevent us from being friends."

"I hope not," said Tom, "I hope, too, you don't suppose that I have ever fancied it possible——"

He stopped, with his kind face in a burning glow of confusion.

"That I could fulfil the conditions of the will?" observed Madeline, calm and cold as an icicle. "No, I have never imagined so absurd a thought resting for a moment in any one's mind."

She did not seem to think she should wound him in saying this, but intent only on what was in her own thoughts, she went on in a quick tone.

"Still, it is very annoying to me, Mr. Singleton, to be made the medium of committing a gross injustice."

"Don't grieve for that," said Tom, softly. "We shall do very well, my mother and I and the children. I am used to work hard, and I am promised a rise in my salary next year."

"And hating injustice," continued Madeline, scarcely heeding his words, "I have resolved to do what little I can to remedy it. By boarding with your mother, she will have the benefit of the hundred a year, which of course I mean to claim——"

"Do you?" interrupted Tom, wistfully. "I was in hopes you would have waited a little, because you know the trustees cannot pay it over to you until—until——"

"Until what?" asked Madeline, in surprise.

"Until you reject me, or I you; and you see we have not proposed to each other yet," returned Tom, in the simplest way, although his cheeks flamed scarlet. "Of course I know it is absurd and disagreeable, and all that sort of thing; but still, the trustees must fulfil the conditions of the will. You perceive that?"

In the calmness of her pride Madeline heard this without even a blush. Tom Singleton appeared to her so infinitely beneath her, and a marriage with him was so utterly impossible, that to converse on such a mere absurdity did not ruffle her superb tranquility.

"What you say is very annoying," she observed quietly, "but if it be true, we had better get over the preliminaries as quickly as possible, because otherwise I shall not be able to assist you at all. For what I have said is literally true—I am very poor and very forlorn."

Tom Singleton glanced at her cold proud face and sighed.

"What do you mean by preliminaries?" he said, very quietly.

Madeline felt vexed at his obtuseness.

"I mean," said she, "that we must let the trustees know that we do not intend to fulfil the conditions of the will."

"But I, for my part, can't do that," said Tom.

Madeline's eyes demanded an explanation, but her lips were silent.

"I am sure you understand my feelings," continued Tom, steadily. "I could not propose to you merely for the sake of this fortune. I could only do so loving you; and I have not known you half an hour, so I will not insult you with a pretence of love I don't feel; and if there is no proposal, you see, there can be no rejection."

Madeline heard this speech in intense amazement, but Tom Singleton was too insignificant a person to disturb the composure of her manner. That remained chilly as ice.

"Then I fear my aunt's will can never benefit either you or me," she said, gravely.

"I am sorry to hear you say that," observed Tom.

As this remark appeared to hint at a latent hope, Madeline made no reply, but hurried on a little impatiently.

"May I ask you a question?" said Tom Singleton, timidly.

"Certainly," returned Madeline.

"Is it of so much consequence to you to obtain this two hundred a year, Miss Sherborne?"

"It is of so much consequence," she replied a little proudly, "that without it I shall be destitute in this great city."

A moment's silence, and then Tom, finding himself close up against the coach, turned round resolutely, and paced down the shabby row again, with Madeline still by his side.

"Miss Sherborne," he said, "that fact greatly adds to the difficulty and perplexity of my position. Yet I think I know how I ought to act. I am a man, I can earn my living more easily than you can. You are too young and beautiful—it would be folly in me to ignore the truth—to find honorable employment easily in London. Miss Sherborne, if you propose to me I will reject you."

Madeline's surprise conquered her pride this time.

"How can I do that?" she said, in an amused voice. "The proposition is ridiculous."

"So you won't propose to me?" said Tom, smiling in spite of himself at Madeline's grave face.

"Don't be absurd, Mr. Singleton," said Madeline, dropping her hand from his hand.

"Surely it is not more ridiculous than my proposing to you, and being refused, neither of us knowing the other," taking her hand again with the most simple frankness, and replacing it on his arm; "it is not my fault, you see, if my old aunt has placed us in an absurd position towards each other. It remains for us honestly to make the best of it; and it seems to me this would be the best—that I reject you, and you take the hundred a year."

"Why should I be so much less generous than you, Mr. Singleton?" cried Madeline, a little passionately.

"Because you are a woman," he said, composedly. "Women are, and must be, always less generous than men. I think you have tried to be just; you offered to lodge with us that we might share the income which your rejection of my unspoken proposal was to bring you."

Madeline blushed. This little man, who an hour ago had seemed so infinitely beneath her, had crept somehow up to her level, and beyond it: and now they not only looked at each other face to face, but heart to heart, with this light, too, upon her mind, that her heart was smaller than his.

"You make me ashamed," she said, "of a proposition which a short time ago I thought generous."

"And so it is generous," cried Tom, eagerly. "I would not have you give it up for the world. You will make us all so happy if you come."

"To add to your poverty?" said Madeline, bitterly.

Tom Singleton seemed to struggle for a moment with some painful emotion, and then spoke out bravely.

"Miss Sherborne," he said, "we are certainly poor, and yet not so poor as we appear to be. My dear mother is too sickly and feeble to be a good manager, and so the money put into her hands runs to waste. To make amends for this, and also for the unexpected calls made upon us by Mr. Rathline, I am obliged to let a third of my salary lie untouched. Without this reserve fund, I should have nothing, you perceive, to fall back on."

It called a warm glow of shame into Tom Singleton's face to speak of his own self-denial and prudence; while it was evidently with a pang of self-reproach that he confessed to the wasteful weakness of his sick mother.

"If you think that my aid in your mother's household would be worth my board, or could justify your spending the sum you now save, you make, I assure you a great mistake," observed Madeline. "I am too ignorant to be useful, and I am too proud to live on charity. Therefore Mr. Singleton, without the hundred a year, which hoped to receive, I shall renounce all thought of taking up my abode with your mother."

"Is that your final decision?" asked Tom a little wistfully.

"Yes," said Madeline. "Please, put me in the coach now."

"Stop one moment," pleaded Tom. "Can't I persuade you to ignore this foolish will altogether, and let my mother and myself be your friends till you can find something to do? Won't you let our poor miserable home be your home till then?"

Madeline's eyes filled with tears, but her purpose was not to be shaken by a few kind words. She thought of Maurice, and fancied his love would be her great aid now, and she would be able to show her some way by which she could find a safe asylum for awhile.

"No," she said, quietly, "if I accept mere hospitality, Mr. Singleton, I have old friends, who will expect me to receive it from them. My view is coming to Mrs. Rathline was to be independent, while at the same time I wished you all to share in the little my aunt has left me."

"And yet to get it, you won't propose to me?" said Tom, with a nervous laugh.

"I am afraid I should do it so awkwardly" replied Madeline, laughing too, "And besides I cannot be so mean as to take advantage of your generous proposition to refuse me."

"Then we must throw my aunt's will to the winds," said Tom, shaking hands with her warmly; "for I am afraid my life is too valuable to offer to shoot myself to make you rich. You will let us see you again?"

Madeline answered in the affirmative, and scratched her present address on a little card, which she gave him. He was holding it in his hand with his hat still off, and the wind blowing his light hair about his face, when his small light figure and the shabby little row of houses, like a street in a Dutch toy box, vanished from her view.

CHAPTER XXV.

THERE was a sore feeling in Madeline's heart as she drove homewards. It annoyed her that the first offer of succor she had received should come from Tom Singleton—the poor, insignificant cousin, whom in her thoughts she had always so calmly set aside. The manner, too, in which he had shown her that it was by no means his intention to give her a chance of rejecting him precipitately, half vexed, half amused her. But the smile that moved her lips soon died away in other and deeper thoughts.

"Maurice!" she cried eagerly, as she entered the little dingy sitting-room. He was standing by the window, and turned instantly to greet her, a shade of pain on his grave, handsome face.

"Are you come to London alone, Madeline?" he said, in surprise, as he put his arm about her and drew her towards him.

"I had no alternative," she replied.

"What! was there no staid servant who could accompany you?" he asked. "The idea of you taking this long journey alone, and in the public stage too, has vexed me."

"How did you know I came alone?" she asked.

"I inquired for your attendant when I found that you had gone out, and then I was told that you had arrived unattended," said Maurice. "Where have you been, Madeline?"

"To the Singletons." she replied.

Her hand was still on his shoulder, but her voice had grown constrained. Maurice looked vexed.

"Could you not have waited for me, Madeline?" he asked reproachfully.

"I waited for two hours," she answered, and her hand fell down coldly into her lap.

"I only received your letter half an hour ago," said Maurice; "and its contents have so bewildered me, that I scarcely know whether I am in my senses. You have renounced Mr. Lanyon's guardianship, you say. Madeline, why have you done that?" She was silent. "Have you counted the cost of such a rash deed?" he continued, gravely. "How can a young girl like you face the world unprotected?"

"I must learn to do it," she said.

"My dear Madeline, you would be made miserable in the learning," he resumed, impatiently. "It is not a fitting thing for you to do; in fact, it can't be done. When you have concluded this business of your aunt's will, you must make up this silly quarrel, and go back to Penkivel."

"There has been no quarrel," she replied; "and I shall never return to Penkivel."

"You are in the wrong, Madeline," he said, angrily. "Quarrel or no quarrel, you must return to Penkivel, until I can give you a home of your own."

"I think we had better discuss all this another time," returned Madeline. "I am so weary now."

"As you will," replied her lover. Then the depressed look on her face touched him, and he held out his hand to her tenderly. "I am afraid I am an unreasonable fellow, Madeline; but the truth is, I am so vexed that I cannot take you to our house. My mother, father, and sisters are by the sea, and I am at home alone."

"Oh never mind," said Madeline, carelessly; "I can stay here."

"You cannot stay at an inn by yourself," said Maurice; "that is quite impossible. Will you go to your old school? Mrs. Bryant will be pleased to have you."

"But these are the holidays," she replied, "and she always leaves town then. I only know of one place where I can go. Mr. Singleton and his mother have asked me to go to them."

"To them!" exclaimed Maurice, gazing at her in intense surprise. "Why, they are perfectly disreputable—a mere set of beggars, or worse."

"I did not find them so," said Madeline, coldly.

"I did not speak without reason," returned Maurice, in a very grave voice. "There can be no doubt that Mr. Rathline is a bad man, and his house is an unfitting place for you."

"But it is Mr. Singleton's house," observed Madeline.

"All the greater reason that you should not go into it, Madeline, unless you are prepared to carry out your aunt's will and marry Mr. Singleton, who must be a very interesting person, if he is like the rest of his family."

"He is not at all like them," she answered. "He is very agreeable and sensible."

This praise of Tom Singleton irritated Maurice. Considering the conditions of her aunt's will, it seemed to him indelicate.

"If you wish to go to Mr. Singleton's, Madeline, if you are unwilling ultimately to lose this fortune, of course I can have nothing further to urge against it."

"Are we quarrelling?" asked Madeline; "or do you seriously suppose I am going to marry a man to get money? You know, on the contrary, how anxious I am to reject at once the conditions of the will, and secure the hundred a year."

Appeased by this, Maurice returned to his old place by her side.

"We'll manage that in a few days, Madeline," said he.

"I don't think you will," she returned, with the faint flicker of a smile on her lips. "Mr. Singleton says the will gives me no power to reject him unless he proposes to me, and he has not the remotest intention of doing that."

"The impudent scamp!" exclaimed Maurice. "Well, I must look into this. I'll read the will, and take counsel's opinion. But my first duty, Madeline, is to find an asylum for you. I must ask my mother to return to town at once, and then you can come to us."

This hospitality, offered late, when Madeline had expected it instantly, struck her ear as coldly given.

"Don't trouble your mother to leave the sea side on my account," she said, "I can stay here very well."

"No, you cannot," cried Maurice, impatiently; "or, if you do, I cannot visit you without my mother. You are a child in the ways of the world, Madeline."

"I do not understand why I cannot stay where I please, go where I please, and see you when I please," said Madeline. "I can take no notice of the conventionalities which seem of such importance to you."

In the fearlessness of her innocence she spoke out her feelings bravely, but to Maurice—a town man—her words seemed bold or childish.

"The world makes them of importance," he said; "and we must take the world as we find it, Madeline. Let me explain, while I think of it, that I did not get your letter, because I was at Hastings with my mother. I only got back to London an hour ago; and the instant I read your letter I came on here. What is this you tell me, Madeline, about the Carbis mystery? What do you mean by saying you have found the man?"

"I mean simply that," replied Madeline, in a quiet tone; but her face grew white as snow as she spoke, as she foresaw how her resolve to be silent would set her in antagonism against her lover.

"And who is the man!" said Maurice. "I laid hold of the strongest clue to the villain that day I saw the Singletons; and yet it seems you have found him first, Madeline."

"I don't think your clue a true one," she said, in a low, but steady voice; "and I shall feel very grateful if you will not ask the man's name, because I can never, never tell you."

"Never tell me!" exclaimed Maurice. "How can I bring him to trial, how clear your father's fame, if I do not know who the criminal is?"

"I do not want him brought to trial," said Madeline, in the same low, quiet tone. "The law would kill him; there has been blood enough shed."

"And for this childish reason you would leave a murderer at large, and allow an innocent man—your own father—to rest under an unmerited stain of guilt!" exclaimed Maurice. "My dear Madeline, it is well the affair cannot rest in your young hands. Let me know who the miscreant is and I will soon deliver him over to the proper authorities."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOUNOD, THE COMPOSER.—The Jockey tells a story of Gounod, and of the mystic love with which he has inspired a dozen of the highest ladies in Paris. Gounod when on a visit lately to a certain Countess let a button fall on the carpet—a button, a prosaic trouser-button. The Countess picked up the button and had it encased like a relic in its reliquary, in the most beautiful locket that could be made by the most skilful jeweller of the Rue de la Paix, and she now coonstantlycarries it round her neck. The other day this lady in her turn was paying a a visit with it around her neck, to the wife of the composer, who went into ecstacies over the medallion. "Yes," answered the Countess, "it is pretty, but ought to be prettier to be worthy of what it encloses. Look!" She opened the locket, and Mme. Gounod saw, to her astonishment, a trouser button! "It belonged to M. Gounod, my dear," said the infatuated Countess.

MAKING BAD, WORSE.—The church-wardens of a church, in England, being disgusted with penuriousness of a rich peer, who, since the collection began to be taken up in a bag instead of a plate, contributed nothing but coppers, resolved to shame him into liberality. They cut a slit in the bottom of the bag and passed it first to his lordship, whose bronze penny fell with a resounding clash on the floor, plain to be seen of all men. Next day his Lordship took all his prayer-books and cushions home and deserted the church for good and all.

JULIUS II., elected 1503, was the first Pope who revived the custom, long discontinued, of letting his beard grow, in order to give increased solemnity to his aspect. This brought beards into fashion again—Francis of France and Charles V. thenceforward encouraging them.

LIFE'S WEST WINDOWS.

BY N. J. L.

We stand at life's west windows,
And think of the days that are gone;
Remembering the coming sunset,
We too must remember the morn;
But the sun will set, the day will close,
And an end will come to all our woes.

As we watch from the western casements,
Reviewing our happy youth,
We mourn for our vanished promise
Of honor, ambition and truth;
But hopes will fall and pride decay
When we think how soon we must pass away.

We stand at life's west windows!
And turn not sadly away,
To watch on our children's faces
The noontide of sparkling day;
But our sun must set, our lips grow dumb,
And to look from our windows our children come.

Still looking from life's west windows,
And we know we would not again
Look forth from the eastern lattice,
And live over all life's pain:
Though life's sunlight be brilliant, its sunset is sweet,
Since it brings needed rest to our weary feet.

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XXXIV—[CONTINUED.]

REASONS!" quoth Miss Lester. "She hasn't any. She is waiting until the man in the moon proposes to marry her, and I hope it will be soon."

Felix went away laughing, but he though of Evelyn that evening more than he had ever thought. He wondered why she would not marry; and then he said to himself that after all he was not sorry. His friendship for her was the most pleasant part of his life, and he could hardly imagine her devoted entirely to another. She was not beautiful, but there were times when he saw on her fair face loveliness brighter than any physical beauty; she was so tender, so earnest, so pure, so noble and high-minded.

"Whoever marries her," he thought, "will certainly have a treasure of a wife. Eve deserves the truest love that a man can give her."

Yet it never once occurred to him to love her himself. In his honest heart he believed that love was all ended for him; he could not realise that a man could love twice. Love, he told himself, had been slain. He never thought now of any future for himself; he never pictured himself with fair wife or loving children; he never dreamed again of a home. He filled his mind with work and study—love had ceased to be for him.

While he steadily rose in the world Sir Owen just as steadily went down. Five years had served to injure both the Baronet's character and estate; but for the restraining hand of Darcy Lonsdale, he would have been ruined. The clever, honest lawyer had acquired a kind of influence over him, he would not allow him to live above his income; when Sir Owen made most extraordinary demands for money, his answer was always, "If you persist in spending more than you income, Sir Owen, I must resign my office;" and that threat invariably brought the Baronet to reason. He knew that he was about as capable of managing his estate as of translating Greek.

Sir Owen had had one great disappointment—Heaven had not blessed him with a son and heir. One good quality amongst a host of bad ones was his love for children. While he was cruel to animals, almost furious at times with his wife and servants, he loved little children; and the chances were that if he had had children round him he would have been a better man. As it was, the disappointment made him sour and morose; he could not bear it; he was sullen and fierce by turns.

"No son to succeed me!" he would say. "Why should I care about my fame or my name? I want a son. I should have something to live for if I had a son. Why, some of the laborers on my estate have half-a-dozen strong sturdy sons; why should not one at least have been given to me?"

"You may depend upon it, Sir Owen, Heaven knows best where to place the little ones," Darcy Lonsdale would say; and then Sir Owen, knowing how far he was from being able to train a child, would say no more.

He would have loved his wife better if little children had been there to soften him; as it was, he now spent half his time in quarrelling with her and in tyrannising over her, and the other half in fierce love-making. That to her was the worst mood of the two.

He was not loved, the rich Baronet; the simple townspeople told strange tales about him when gathered round their fire at night—strange evil stories that never came to his wife's ears, or she would have left him.

"I would not let him marry my daughter," the poor women would say; "no, not if he had been twice as rich."

There was no mistake about the fact that his name was in very evil odor amongst both rich and poor.

Francis Haye talked over the matter with his wife sometimes. Mrs. Haye looked at it quite philosophically.

"I am told," she said, "that he drinks over a bottle of brandy each day; if that is really the case, he cannot live long."

"I do not see how that improves matters," rejoined her husband.

"I do; she is sure to have all his money, and then in a short time she can marry again."

Francis Haye was not particularly sagacious; but this view of the matter struck him at once.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LADY CHEVENIX was standing in her superb drawing-room alone; she held a folded paper in her hand which she was reading attentively; then she meditated for a few minutes, and afterwards rang the bell. To the servant who answered it she said—

"Will you ask Mrs. Haye if she will come to me? I wish particularly to speak to her."

Mrs. Haye was spending a few days at Garswood—that was what the world was told; in reality she was there because Lady Chevenix feared for her life. Sir Owen had been drinking heavily, and he had grown dangerous, as she believed. She had lost all control over him, and the terrified servants told each other of sobs and cries that sounded at night when all the house was still. She grew alarmed at last, and sent for Mrs. Haye.

That philosophical lady said nothing of the fierce angry man who was beyond reasoning with; but she sent for a physician, and the appearance of a doctor frightened him into better behavior. Lady Chevenix would not part with her mother.

"You must stay with me, mamma," she said. "I have been through scenes that would make you shudder, and I have lost all heart—quite lost all heart. You must stay with me."

Mrs. Haye was one of those women who, even when alone, never undervalue appearances, and she always moved and spoke as though people were looking at her. She merely answered—

"I shall be very pleased indeed to stay with you until your husband is stronger and better, my dear."

And it was arranged that she should do so.

Lady Chevenix stood waiting for her now. As she stood there, so tall and stately, with such ineffable beauty and grace in face and figure, she did not look like one who had lost heart. Her girlish loveliness had developed into womanly magnificence; but there was little trace in her of Violet Haye, the sweet girl coquette—little trace of the girl who had loved Felix Lonsdale, or even of the woman who had asked him so piteously to be "friends" with her. A darker sheen lay on the golden hair, a deeper light lay in the lovely eyes, the red mouth had not its wonted smile. One could see at a glance that the years had embittered her. She had grown soft and tender, but stern, proud, and cold. She had hardened her heart, and tried to care for nothing but the wealth and luxury she now possessed.

She looked exquisitely beautiful; her morning dress fell in artistic folds, a tiny cap of white lace and blue ribbon lay lightly on her golden head. Yet, though she was wonderfully lovely, and was surrounded by all that was most desirable, she did not look like a happy woman.

She raised her eyes as her mother came into the room.

"Mamma," she said, holding out the paper, "I wish you would read this and tell me what to do."

Mrs. Haye took the paper from her daughter's hand and read it.

"The Loomshire Hunt Ball;" she said. "Of course you are going?"

"That is what I want to know, mamma. You see, Sir Owen is one of the stewards. If I do not show it to him, and he goes, you can guess what is almost sure to happen—he will not keep sober. If I do not show it, and he finds out that I have received it——" A shrug of the beautiful shoulders conveyed the rest. "What do you advise me to do?"

"You must show it to him, my dear; there is no alternative. As steward and patron he must attend—that is, if he is well."

"He ought not to go, mamma. You know what will happen. Doctor Bell advised me to keep him at home and quite quiet; but, if he finds out that this has been withheld from him, I can imagine what will follow."

There was no sorrow, no despair in her voice. She merely gave hard, cold utterance to what she knew to be certain. She looked musingly at her mother; Mrs. Haye gazed at her.

"You cannot shut yourself away from all society, Violet, because you are afraid that your husband will not behave himself. You might as well be out of the world."

"Well, as matters stand, that is quite true," she replied. "You do not know, mother, what I suffer when he behaves in that way. I think sometimes that if I had been born an aristocrat I should not feel it so much. Then I could have stood aloof from the disgrace; now it falls upon me."

"Nay, that is does not, Violet," said Mrs. Haye warmly. "You cannot force Sir Owen to keep sober. He drank before he knew you."

"Yes, that he did. I cannot expect anyone to understand me; but that is really my feeling, that I share in the disgrace. Still that is not the point in question. Do you advise me to show him this or not?"

"I think you must show it to him," said Mrs. Haye—"it would not be safe to keep him in ignorance, I am sure—and we must do our best afterwards with him. You need not remain very long at the ball, you know."

"I will do as you say, mamma," she replied: and Mrs. Haye could read neither pleasure nor pain in her face.

Left alone again, Violet walked to the window, and stood looking out on the brilliant flowers and stately trees.

"Of all strange turns," she said to herself, "to think that my life should have taken this—that the brightest part of it is to be spent in keeping a fierce, coarse, violent man sober!"

She was always just. She had sought her own distiny; it had not been forced upon her. She had that which she had coveted, and she must take the drawbacks with it.

She found that she had acted wisely in taking her mother's advice. One of the first things Sir Owen asked about was the ball.

"Shall you go?" she asked her husband.

"That I shall," he replied; "and you too. Lady Maude Arlington is going, every one who is any one will be there."

It was a favorite festival of his, he enjoyed making himself popular. He never missed the Hunt Ball.

"Violet, mind you have a dress worth looking at. Lady Chevenix of Garswood must be second to none on this occasion. If there is anything you want, no matter what it costs, you must have it."

She thanked him; but there was neither gratitude or pleasure in her voice. Bitterly enough she said to herself, "What will it matter if I am covered with diamonds? I shall have a weight of care on my mind which all the diamonds on earth could not balance—the ever-present fear that my husband will disgrace himself."

But during the next few days Sir Owen improved. The doctor had given him a serious fright; he had assured him that unless he led a more abstemious life he must soon die. He bore the warning in mind, and drank less.

He began to interest himself in the ball. Lady Chevenix looked forward to it with pleasure; Lady Maude would be there, and she liked Lady Maude. Felix would be there too—she had heard Sir Owen say so. She longed to see him again; she felt that there would be a sense of rest and protection in his presence that never came to her with any other. She wondered to herself if he would ask her to dance.

"I should like to dance with him," she thought to herself, with a smile that was almost pitiful.

She took great interest in her dress and her jewels, hoping that he would notice her presence more than he generally did. Very beautiful she looked in her favorite colors, white and blue—white satin and blue velvet. With her exquisitely-moulded arms and neck—fair as a sculptor's dream—a diamond necklace clasped round her throat, a diamond cross gleaming on her white breast, she looked like one who could sway men's hearts. Sir Owen was proud of her, and said so in his blunt fashion.

"There will not be a woman in the room like you, Violet," he said, and she wondered whether there would be one with such a load of anxiety on her mind.

The ball was always held at the Assembly Rooms in Lilford. It was very exclusive, very select, and at times very dull. But this year the party from Bramber Towers was a large one; several officers were visiting there. They at first voted the Hunt Ball a decided "bore;" but when they saw Lady Chevenix they thought differently. She was worth coming many miles to see, they declared; and she was surrounded by a crowd of admirers.

The rooms were beautifully decorated and filled with a brilliant crowd. Lady Chevenix looked for Felix first; she saw him, but he did not approach her. She observed that she chatted with the Countess of Arlington, and then with Lady Maude; she wondered if he would seek her. She kept her would-be partner in suspense. But the crowd admired her. No one present would have believed that the beautiful, radiant woman had a weight, as of lead, at her heart.

Her spirits rose as the night wore on. It was something to see all the men admiring her; how they struggled to be of service to her; how her smiles and bright words swayed them as the sweet western wind sways the leaves. That was her triumph, and, to one so vain, it was no small one. She saw that Lady Maude, with all her aristocratic influence, was not sought after and admired as she was.

"Beauty rules the world," she thought, and then added, with a smile and a sigh, "Beauty and money combined, I mean."

Half the evening had passed, and she had exchanged no word with Felix. Presently chance brought them almost together in a quadrille. He bowed and spoke to her. She could not help the feeling of relief that came over her. Would he ask her to dance? She gave him the opportunity, but he did not take it. He never even thought of it. He had taken his farewell of those false hands, he would touch them nomore.

When she went to partake of an ice with Major Morrison, she saw her husband standing by the buffet. He was holding a tumbler in his hand, and she could tell by his face that he had drank too much. Her heart almost stopped beating. What should she do if there was a scene here?

"Pray excuse me," she said to Major Morrison.

She went up to Sir Owen, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"We have had a very pleasant evening," she said—and her poor lips were white with fear.

"Very," he replied, and in the effort to look dignified he spilt some of the brandy on her dress.

"I am tired," she said, trembling in every nerve; "and, if you will, Sir Owen, I should like to go home."

Her one wish was to get him away before any one noticed his condition.

"I shall not go home yet," he said. "Go back to your dancing. When I am ready, I will send for you."

She dared not disobey him. She went back to the ball-room, a deadly fear nestling in her heart.

Whether he ever did send for her, or whether it was but the fancy of an excited brain, Violet never knew. She had not ventured to disobey him when he said, "Go back to your dancing;" she did as he had directed. She did not dare to disobey or to plead with him, or to urge one entreaty on him. She read contempt for her husband and pity for herself in the eyes of Major Morrison. He made no allusion to the scene, nor did she; but when the dance was ended she asked him to take her back to the same spot. When she reached it Sir Owen was gone.

Felix had been to escort Lady Maude to her carriage—the party from Bramber retired early—and as he was returning he saw Sir Owen assisted into his carriage. Sir Owen called to him.

"Mr. Lonsdale," he said in a thick voice, "will you take a message to Lady Chevenix from me? Tell her that she did not choose to come when I sent for her, and that now she may get home as she can; she may walk through the mud if she likes!"

"Stop Sir Owen!" cried Felix.

But, with great dignity and ferocity mingled, Sir Owen shouted, "Home!" and the horses started off rapidly, leaving Felix angry and full of wonder.

At first he thought it must be a jest—no one could treat a wife so barbarously, so cruelly—and he half expected the carriage to return; but it did not, and there was nothing left for him but to make the best of his message. He went back to the ball-room; it was difficult to believe that the beautiful, brilliant young queen round whom the best men in the room had assembled was the wife of the stupid, fierce drunken Baronet. He made his way to her, and waited until he could find an opportunity of speaking to her.

"Lady Chevenix," he said, "I have something I wish to say to you."

She turned eagerly to him, and the light that came over her face caused him keen pain. She rose from her seat, dismissed the train of admirers with a queenly smile and bow, and laid her hand upon his arm. If the touch of the little hand made him tremble, she was not aware of it. They walked through the crowded ball-room until they came to a small recess at the end of it; then she raised her face to his.

"You wanted to speak to me," she said, "I shall be very happy to listen."

She decided that he had come to tell her that he would like to be better friends with her; no other thought entered her mind. Her limpid eyes were filled with light as she waited eagerly.

"I am afraid it is not a very agreeable subject," he began. "May I ask if you have seen Sir Owen lately?"

He saw the light and color fade, the cold hard look come back again; the very tone of her voice changed.

"I saw him half an hour since and wanted him to go home with me," she replied.

"Then there has been some mistake—just as I imagined. The truth is, Lady Chevenix, Sir Owen has gone home, after intrusting to me a message so brusque and abrupt that I do not like to deliver it."

Prouder and colder grew the fair face, yet into it there came, he saw, a shadow of fear.

"Gone home," she repeated," and left me here?"

"I am sure there has been a mistake," he said. "Sir Owen had wished me to say that he had sent for you, and—and that as you did not come he had gone home without you."

"But he will send the carriage back for me?" she interrupted.

"I am afraid not," he replied. "But I would rather not repeat his words. I am sure the carriage will not return."

"And he sent me this message by you," she cried—"by you of all men!"

"I am sorry to have had to deliver it, but I had no alternation," he replied. "May I advise you, Lady Chevenix?"

"If you please," she replied.

"Then I should counsel you to return home at once, before any one has time to notice Sir Owen's absence—it will save so many unpleasant remarks. I will order a carriage, and no one need know for whom it is intended."

"Thank you," she said gently; "that will be best. I will go to the cloak-room at once."

She did so, and a few minutes afterwards she stood, with her opera-cloak round her, waiting for him.

"The carriage is ready, Lady Chevenix," he said; "allow me." He opened the door for her, and stood waiting until she had taken her seat. "It will not be long before you are home—you have a capital horse and a good driver."

She looked at him, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Felix," she said, "will you accompany me home? I would not ask you but that I am frightened. I am indeed. I dare not go alone."

He hesitated for half a minute, and then he said to himself that he must not think that she was Violet Haye or Lady Chevenix; she was simply a woman in distress, and it was his duty to help her.

"I am afraid," she continued—and he saw that her face was quite white and that her hands trembled. What a mockery her diamonds and her superb dress appeared now! "Sir Owen is very violent when he is not quite himself," she continued. "If he is at home alone, I dare not go."

"I will accompany you, Lady Chevenix," he said; "have no fear—you may rely upon me."

They said but little during the journey, and Felix was glad when the carriage reached Garswood.

"You will come in with me?" said Lady Chevenix; and seeing the white, frightened face, he would have done anything to help her.

He was thankful that he had consented, for Sir Owen had worked himself into a state of uncontrollable anger. He was in the drawing room, with a decanter half full of brandy on the table by his side, and when the pale woman entered he launched a volley of furious oaths at her. She made no reply, but, turning to Felix, said quietly—

"Will you take any refreshment, Mr. Lonsdale? You have had a long drive."

Another volley of oaths followed. Pale, scared, and trembling, she fled from the room and took refuge in her own. If she had been alone, he would have followed her, and then she would have had to save herself as she best could; but Felix was there, and the very thought of his presence comforted her. He stayed with the furious man, whose violence soon changed into the extreme of friendliness, until he had stupefied himself with drink, and was carried off helpless to bed, and then Felix started for Lilford.

As he left Garswood Felix raised his face to the calm skies.

"Heaven help her!" he said. "Poor Violet!"

No reference to this affair passed his lips, but to his mind he felt infinite pity for her.

A few days later Sir Owen, feeling ashamed of his recent escapade, insisted upon having a dinner-party. Lady Rolfe, that veteran diner-out, with her daughter Lavinia (who had married a curate and subsided into "parish work"), the curate (himself a mild inoffensive gentleman who had perhaps deserved a better fate), the Rev. Mr. Clayburn, Darcy and Felix Lonsdale, Captain Hill, with one or two more, were to be present. The Baronet told Hill he wished to give this party to remove any bad impression there might be on the minds of people after the ball. He had resolved upon being most amiable, polite, and attentive, to his wife especially.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The most recent improvement in the production of lace is the introduction of shaded tints in the flowers and patterns, giving them the relief of a picture. This effect is produced by varying the application of the two stitches used in making the flowers, the "toile," which forms the cloth tissue, and the "grille," employed in the more open part of the pattern. The system is so successfully applied to the laces of France that it has been adapted with the greatest success.

The handsomest material of this season continues to be streaked and striped velvet on satin ground. Satin and moire antique mixed come next. Plain faille, with combinations of satin, follow. Cashmere, with combinations of lace, continue the prevalent styles of the day on a less expensive scale.

LOVE.

BY P. C.

Love is a stray leaf of the rose,
Of vagrant winds the floated prey;
Inhale its fragrance as it goes—
But touch it, and it fades away.

Love is the nightingale's sweet tone,
Resounding from the trembling spray;
At distance list its melting drone—
Approached, the warble flits away.

Love is a fragile butterfly,
The brightest of created things;
Its brilliant colors charm the eye—
But grasp it, and you crush its wings.

From searching eyes concealed afar,
Like to the pearl within its shell,
Or like a clouded distant star,
Sincere but modest love would dwell.

The Death Kiss.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

The daughter of a wealthy father, beautiful and accomplished, in the full glow of youth and health, why should the fair Annetta Elderson wring her white hands in anguish and pain? What should she, the gifted, envied girl, know of sorrow?

And such sorrow! On her knees, by the bedside, she prayed that God in his mercy might take her from the earth. In the delicate hangings she buried her tear-furrowed face, and sobs, as though coming from a body-parting soul, broke thickly through the solemn silence of the night.

Surely Love was ordained to be a blessing! Why then had it proved a curse to her?

It was merely in an excess of youthful spirits perhaps, that the summer before, while at her father's country residence for the season, she should visit the country school during the exercises. For the city bred lady there is little of variety in the interminable succession of pleasant days, green fields, and mild-mannered cows or sheep, and this was an agreeable diversion.

She wanted to see for herself how the rustic idea was made to shoot, she said to her friend, Grace Allen, and never would better opportunity offer.

Her preconceived idea of the interior of the little old stone school house on the hill was not flattering. In fancy she saw some dozen of shock-headed urchins of either sex, wrestling fearfully with the vanguard of education, led by an ancient female Alexander in primitive dress and corkscrew curls.

How easily we often deceive ourselves and what far-reaching consequences frequently flow from the deception.

She sent in her own and her companion's name by a fair-haired scholar they met bringing water from the spring and requested permission to visit the class room.

As gracefully as it was asked it was no less gracefully accorded. Would the ladies come in?

They followed their youthful conductor. A low-ceilinged, neatly whitewashed room plenteously furnished with rude desks. No vacant stare from gaping, idly-curious faces greeted their entrance. There may have been side glances sent towards them from the book-bent eyes, but that was all.

And the teacher! Not the conventional sharp-angled, spectacled old-maid of Annetta's fancy by any means! A youthful, slender man, handsome and courteous bowed lowly, and spoke a few words of cordial welcome, showing them to the only two approaches to chairs the place possessed.

Begging their patience for a moment he proceeded in the discharge of his duties. Rapidly and with a graceful ease he heard the various pupils, or overlooked their tasks and then dismissed them.

They had come to be amused but the ladies were forced to admire. There was something of manliness in this tiller of the mind, that humble as his field was commanded respect.

A few commonplace remarks were interchanged concerning the school, which was built upon her father's estate.

"I know him well, Miss Elderson," said the master, "Indeed it is to his favor that I am indebted for my position. I wish, should you think of it you would give him Mr. Rennels' compliments!"

"Are you, then, Mr. Rennels?" and Annetta, as she spoke hurriedly, seemed to be unaware of either the interest in her voice or the no less eloquent language that mounted in rosy flushes to her cheeks.

For she had often heard her father mention him as one in whom he felt the deepest interest. The son of an old employee, he had affected his health in his medical studies and that he might with more comfort pursue the one, while recuperating the other, he had secured for him the mastership of the village school.

"You will come and see us sir," said Miss Elderson at parting. "I know I speak for papa when I say you will be more than welcome."

The same warmth which had before intensified her manner seemed to be now redoubled. Very evidently the visit for entertainment had become surcharged with earnestness of the most positive and serious kind.

If a hearty grasp of the hand is worth aught in the currency of good-will, John Elderson felt it for his protegee. Not only did he chide him for not coming earlier when he did visit the big mansion, but made him promise he would shortly come again.

And he did. But middle aged men have much to attend to beside the charms of social converse and so what wonder if Harry Rennels and Annetta Elderson were often alone. In her father's absence she must act the hostess and a charming one she made.

There were pleasant hours spent in the shade of the porch and just as pleasant wandering beneath the balmy trees. It was as wise to expect that effect would precede cause in any of nature's works, as to imagine such things would be without their influence.

And so the days had flown swiftly and peaceably.

They were now seated in a favorite place, already consecrated by many sweet assurances.

Through the close-leaved trees fell upon them the radiance of the soft July moon.

With bowed head and sorrow-broken voice he was speaking to her. And the story he told seemed too sad, too full of pain and woe for such a glorious time.

Gentleman that he was, and recognizing the social differences between the girl and himself, he had just asked the father for permission to pay his addresses to Annetta. But the answer crushed his hopes like a blast of lightning.

"No, Mr. Rennels, my daughter must wed in her own rank; and sir, when you entered this house I believed you would not so far forget yourself as to speak to her or think of her as it is evident you have. I now see my mistake. Good night." And the proud man, refusing to hear him further, bowed him from the room.

So the lovers were parting. According to the code that rules most hearts, perhaps it were not treason to have persisted in spite of parental opposition, but it did not belong to his nature to do so, nor to hers.

The last good-bye had been said, with a prayer that at some happier time they might meet again and they separated. He to return to the city—the summer vacation having began—she to seek the solitude of her chamber, where, unseen, she might pour out the woe that was torturing her soul.

What John suffered none can tell. But his future may have been the happiest. A terrible scourge had struck the country—one that many skilled physicians feared to encounter—and he, although but a tyro in the healing art, found himself useful. So broadly had the awful fever spread itself, that medical aid was wanted at all points; and in self sacrificing efforts to help the afflicted—in the duties of the profession from morning till night—he almost managed to stifle the sad memories of his hapless love.

But she—after that bitter night—whatever the agony endured, seemed more resigned. There was a settled sorrow on her face, and her voice seldom rang through the house with its old-time merriment, but withal, she bravely met the fortune fate had willed her.

Still worse became the terrible plague. Hundreds were dying daily, and a loud cry for help rose up from the stricken land. Money was needed; doctors were needed, and nurses worst of all. Annetta Elderson heard the appeal, and it was not long ere her resolve was made. She had heard of the man she loved so nobly facing death, and in her admiration and affection for her hero, she herself became a heroine.

So she went to the city and offered her services to the Howards. To the credit of her sex it must be said there were many as rich and young and fair as she, who had done the same, but none did so with more kindly charity or a better heart.

Into the slums—into the worst centres of infection—into the hospitals—everywhere that duty beckoned, she carried the blessing of a gentle voice and hand. And day by day she grew to love her work, for in relieving the sorrows of others she seemed to lessen her own.

Every effort the wisdom of man could suggest was made, but the terrible disease stalked on, slaying its thousands. Even the physicians and nurses yielded to its dire influence, and in some places one was left to do the work of ten.

The less experienced or unacclimated fell earliest, and of this number was Henry Rennels. But it was no surprise, for his superiors bore honorable testimony to the fact that in their corps of workers, he always stood among the first.

Now in the hospital lay he, in the final stages of the dread disease. His flushed, fevered countenance gave out no hopeful sign. Wandering in his mind, he spoke of many things, and among them of his love.

Some of the attendants knew the name, and towards the end Annetta came to his bedside. And there she remained till all was over. Before the red of the swollen face had given place to the pallor of death, there came a moment of reason, and the dying man saw the pale, tear-stained cheek bending above him. There was an effort to speak, but tongue and lips refused their duty. The eyes alone, dimming with the coming shadow, told the longing in the heart. While they yet looked up at her with slowly dying brightness, she placed her arm beneath his neck and kissed him. Something like a smile crossed his features. It gave shade to the swoon of the last summons—and he was dead.

They would have taken her away, but she refused to go. And when a few hours after they came to remove the body she was herself delirious with the first symptoms of the fever.

Tenderly they cared for her, but she was not to be saved. She passed away with the name of her lover on her lips. Some said her imprudent kiss had been the cause, and others that it was only to be expected from her whole-souled sacrifice, and attention to all the needy and afflicted.

But let what will be the cause, how noble it is to die for Love and Duty!

A FREE AND EASY CZAR.—Under Peter the Great court life in Russia was the reverse of courtly. At the court dinners Peter entertained a mixed assemblage of shipwrights and other artisans, generals, priests, ministers of state, merchants, ambassadors, and people of all grades and trades employed on his works. The workmen, in the dress of their calling, filled the places of honor near the Czar, who appeared in the same kind of coarse woolen clothing. Other guests who could find seats at the festive board took possession of them without ceremony. Those who could not stood around, getting stray morsels "by hook or by crook," and in the intervals refreshing themselves with "potations pottle deep" of brandy; the Czar allowed of no stint to his guests, and in no wise stinted himself. Before the repast was half finished the company was uproarious, and in the end, inflamed by strong drink, fighting and blaspheming, they inflicted bodily injury on each other.

THE PATIENT ASS.—The Fathers of the Church believed the dark cross on the back of the ass to date only from the day on which our Saviour made his entry into Jerusalem. Naturalists have frequently remarked the extraordinary dimensions of an ass's heart, which is thought an indication of courage; and it is the custom of the peasantry of some countries to make their children wear a piece of ass's skin about their person. The ass's skin is peculiarly valuable, both for the manufacture of writing-tables and drums. In many places the ass serves as a barometer. If he roll in the dust, fine weather may be expected; but if he erect his ears, rain is certain.

MEERSCHAUM PIPES.—Of those who indulge in the delights of a meerschaum pipe, few, perhaps, know what meerschaum is, or where it comes from. The word "meerschaum" literally translated, means "sea foam," and the substance which this word represents received its name from its resemblance to the froth of the sea. Meerschaum is a mineral substance which in chemical parlance is called a hydrous silicate of magnesia, silicon and water. This mineral is found in Moravia, in Spain, and in Asia Minor. Many pipes, however, are carved from artificial, and not from genuine material. The artificial is material composed of the waste from the genuine, to which linseed oil and alum are added.

A GENTLEMAN who is now in Lake county has the head dresses of Buffalo Horn, who was killed last summer in the Bannock war, having taken it himself from the head of the chief, whom he found with two other Indians, dead in a cave. It is a great curiosity, and must have given the wearer an aspect of much ferocity, judging from the description we have been given of it. Its most prominent features are two large buffalo horns (whence the chief derived his name) fixed at its top. Surrounding the head are rows of weasels' feet and other attractive objects woven together in such a way as to make a kind of capote or hood, which reaches to the shoulders.

"A DOZEN."—It is generally supposed that a dozen implies twelve things; but in the earthenware trade, and crockery in other places, a dozen represents that number of any special article which can be offered at a fixed price. That is, the price is fixed, and the number to the dozen varies. For instance, the pitchers, which are called "jugs" in the trade are sold at two, three, four, six, nine, twelve, eighteen, twenty-four, thirty and thirty-six pieces to each dozen, the price for a dozen being constant. The ordinary pitcher, holding half a quart, is a twelve, or a twelve to the dozen, while a pint pitcher is a twenty-four to the dozen, and is so called when dealing in that size.

A BAD variety of elopement has occurred at Bridgeville, Ohio, which served to lend interest to the Christmas festivities of that locality. Nephew Mitchell, aged twenty, ran away with Aunt Mitchell, "a dashing young woman," aged twenty-five. The young rascal pretended that he was taking the lady to church in a sleigh. She carried away $1,000 of her husband's money; but her companion is described as "penniless and beardless."

Anna Dickinson says she purposes to talk about the platform and the stage from the platform this winter, and later in the season will return to the stage with a new drama of her own.

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"NETS AND CAGES."

BEFORE the first year of married life has ended, most people discover that the roses which have strewn their path are mingled with thorns, unless mutual forbearance and respect guard the way. Like government, marriage must be a series of compromises; and, however, warm the love of both parties may be in the beginning, it will very soon cool, unless they learn the golden rule of married life, "To bear and forbear." The old bachelor who said that marriage was "a very harmless amusement," would not have pronounced such an opinion had he known much about it. Matrimony is only a harmless and happy state when the domain of the affections is defended from harshness and petulance, but in matrimony as in many other things, a good beginning is half the battle. But how easily good beginnings may be frustrated by the infirmities of temper! Unless a man or woman be of a very generous disposition, they are liable, when much loved, to become "bullies." So sure are they of the affection they receive, that they trifle with it, and even despise the giver of this precious gift of love. No doubt to the selfish person it will seem a very convenient thing and just as it should be, to be thus loved without loving much in return, to be considered, to be ministered unto, to be petted: for selfishness always holds it more blessed to receive than to give, but it is a very dangerous process.

The law of the case will work on and on without the pause of a moment, without the deflection of a hair's-breadth as laws do, but the inevitable law of result also asserts itself, and the selfish will be left in the cold some day, with no one to minister unto them. No knowledge is so well worth acquiring as the science of living harmoniously for the most part of a life with another, which belongs to the definition of matrimony, and its science teaches us to avoid a scrupulous and exaggerated regard for trifles. Husband and wife should burn up in the bonfire of first-love all hobbies and "little ways" that could possibly prevent home from being happy and harmonious, and try to be all the world to each other. Sidney Smith, in giving a definition of marriage, says: "It resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them." Certainly those who go between deserve to be punished, and in whatever else they may differ, married people should agree to defend themselves from the well meaning, perhaps, but irritating interference of friends. How many marriages there are, bitter as wormwood to both parties, which might be sweetened by a little common sense. Is a wife living above her husband's income. Perhaps she is really ignorant of the fact and has never been made a confidant of her husband's affairs as she ought to have been, and therefore has no guide but her impulses or inclinations.

Why should love-making end with courtship, and of what use are conquests if they are not guarded? If the love of a life-partner is of far more value than our perverse fancies, it is the part of wisdom to restrain these in order to keep that. The man or woman who reserves all their sweetness for the outside world, and exchange it upon entering their houses, for the peevish sigh and fault finding sneer, are nearly as culpable as the gambler or drunkard whom public opinion so loudly condemns. Society punishes the latter, but it does not feel for the wife who patiently does her best only to be rewarded by a storm of undeserved abuse. The most loving and anxious-to-please wife cannot avoid a mistake now and then, and they should meet with a word of encouragement instead of inconsiderate condemnation. According to Dean Swift, "the reason why so few marriages are happy is because young women spend their time in making nets, and not in making cages;" but why should she give up those pretty wiles to seem fair and pleasant in his eyes? Instead of lessening her charms, she should endeavor to double them in order that home may be to him, who has paid her the greatest compliment in his power, the dearest and brightest spot on earth—one to which he may turn for comfort when sick of business and the wearying ways of life.

We do not blame a woman for trying in all ways consistent with modesty and self-respect to secure a husband, but she is a jewel indeed who not only nets the affections of her husband during the honeymoon, but cages and keeps them throughout a long married life. Such a wife can counteract the hardening effect of the fluctuations of fortune and the many trials and vexations of the spirit and flesh, and in days of sickness, disappointment, and of cold cynicism, when all the world seems "stale, flat and unprofitable," the husband who is in possession of such a cage-making wife will acknowledge that her "price is far above rubies," for his heart "doth safely trust in her."

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE theory that very small organisms, either vegetable or animal, are the cause of all infectious diseases, is very generally accepted at the present day. It passes as established and almost mathematically proven, because this theory alone is able to explain for us a series of phenomena that would otherwise be totally inexplicable. Hence the *alpha* and *omega* of all precautions directed against infectious diseases and epidemics consist in combating and destroying these organisms.

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THE experimental trial of the electric light at Havre seems to have been entirely successful. Joblochoff candles were used, and, according to the French reporters, they lit up the whole outer harbor and portions of the inner basins with a light almost as clear as that of noonday. Heretofore it has not been safe for ocean-going ships of the largest size to enter or leave the harbor at night. But this suggests that the electric light will change all that.

—

THE stock mania on the Pacific slope is not confined to the stock brokers or to the male portion of the community. Lovely woman, hoary-headed man, the priest and the servant, the saint and the sinner, the wise and the foolish, even the little child are all alike affected with the stock disease, which, like leprosy, is incurable; but which, worse than leprosy, often destroys soul as well as body. The coroner, in his last annual report, said: "While the increase in population had been but two and a half per cent., the increase in the number of suicides had been thirty-seven per cent., and this he believed to be caused by the rise and fall of mining stocks."

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THE younger a country is the more marriages are in it. Naturally, therefore, our country exceeds any state in Europe in its connubial tendencies, though these are slowly but steadily declining with our growing years. It is said there are over 8000 marriages in each 10,000 of our population; in Hungary, 6475; in France, 5566; in England and Wales, 5398; in Austria, 5271; in Italy, 5270; in Denmark, 5191; in Germany, 5107; in Norway, 5065; in Scotland, 4678; in Belgium, 4634; in Switzerland, 4582, and in Ireland, 5313. These figures controvert popular opinion. It is generally thought that Ireland is one of the greatest and France one of the least pro-matrimonial lands and that Germany is particularly distinguished for conjugality. We are always hearing of German domesticity, German attachment to heme and the like; but the Germans as a people are not by any means painfully domestic.

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DR. SCHLEIMANN has been continuing his excavations in search of the buried Troy, and has traced the remains of four prehistoric cities. Most remarkable among the new discoveries he has exhumed from the oblivion in which they have been buried for so many ages, is a well preserved distaff of wood eleven feet long with a large quantity of woolen thread wound around it and charred as black as a coal; but the most interesting object he has found he considers a dagger of steel four inches long. The blade, which is double edged and in the form of an arrow, and in a perfect state of preservation, is the first piece of iron he has ever found in his excavations. The pre-historic times are of vague signification, and it is only of late years that we have begun to form some idea of the immense lapse of time from the creation to the present day. The work of Mr. Schleimann and others is beginning to throw a faint light on the darkness of those times, and initiating us into a better knowledge of the age of the world, and the origin and history of man.

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A PHYSICIAN in Paris, who is also a philanthropist, has been consecrating some capital to a humanitarian purpose. Struck with the inability of the poor in cases of illness and with their absence of comfort at home merely in cases of neglect, he has opened an establishment in which the asthmatic, the man or woman afflicted with ague, the shivering and those who attend hospital consultations gratis, find the hot herb teas prescribed for them, as well as the mineral and other draughts ordered for their diseases. Here are teapots sending forth the aromatic steam of camomile, violet, lime and orange blossoms. The ailing are privileged to bring their own sugar or to pay for it over and above the charge of one cent asked for a cup of these mild and wholesome decoctions. How many aged sufferers have until now carried their coughs to the wine merchant, and swallowed any fiery liquor for transient heat? The herb teas are the chief feature of the establishment, but there are syrups for mixtures and hot tisanes, and ligatures likewise for slight accidents, salves and lozenges.

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THE life of royalty does not always typify the luxurious ease with which poetry and romance invest it, but has its everyday realities and duties like those which belong to the plainer ranks of life. The Crown Princess of Germany is said to be a model of thrift. Not only does she have her children's dresses turned, dyed and otherwise renovated, but if in the course of an evening she fancies that there are too many wax candles alight in her palace, she will extinguish them herself. She will also lock up the dainties from greedy dependants if she has the least suspicion that the latter are pilfering. Her German friends, so far from being shocked, think all the better of her for her good management, which is, indeed, infinitely to be preferred to the vulgarly ostentatious prodigality in which sundry of the newly rich think it fine to indulge. The education of all the daughters of Queen Victoria was characterized by a careful cultivation of the practical duties of life as well as those which are ornamental to the woman's character, an example which one would expect to find more frequently in other ranks of life than that of royalty.

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IN marked contrast to the social pleasure which so many nations combine with eating, is the strict privacy with which the Hindoo sects eat and even prepare their meals. No Indians like to be looked at while eating. They are firm believers in the evil influence of the human eye. The preparation of food is with high caste natives an affair of equal secrecy. The mere glance of a man of inferior caste makes the greatest delicacy uneatable, and if such a glance happens to fall on the family supplies during the cooking operations, when the ceremonial purity of the water used is a matter of almost life or death to every member of the household, the whole repast has to be thrown away as if poisoned. The family is for that day dinnerless. Food thus contaminated would, if eaten, communicate a taint to the souls as well as bodies of the eaters—a taint which could only be removed by long and painful expiation. A traveler over every part of India, striving to note the habits of the natives in every circumstance of their daily life, never saw a single Hindoo, except of the lowest caste, either preparing or eating cooked food of any kind. The Ramanujas carry these ideas to an extravagant extreme. They carefully lock the doors of their kitchens and protect their culinary and prandial operations from the gaze of even high caste Brahmans of tribes and sects different from their own.

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THERE is no sphere to which a woman can so successfully adapt herself and excel in its work as that of nursing the sick, but while there is so frequent a demand for a well trained nurse, there are but few who possess the qualifications requisite to make one. The old fashioned hospital nurse as well as those whose services were called for in private families, were frequently painful illustrations of the fact, that "Betsy Prig and Sairy Gamp" were not mere creations of Dickens' fertile brain, and even those who could disclaim such a resemblance were almost inevitably hard and unsympathetic in nature. But these have almost disappeared under the influence of the "Training School for Nurses," in the Massachusetts General Hospital, which was originally started by the "Woman's Education Association" of Boston, about five years ago, and the trained nurse who graduates from the school is trim, well informed whose very dress would set her apart from the old fashioned nurses who always wore boots that creaked and dresses that rustled and fairly bristled in their ugliness. The course of instruction includes not only actual ward practice, but also attending lectures on nursing, studying several text books on anatomy, physiology and hygiene, and attending cooking classes, under the direction of the superintendent. The students are required to make notes of the lectures, and to rewrite them after revision, so that each graduate has all that she learns in proper form for reference whenever she requires it in after life.

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CAPTAIN BOYTON who has just returned to this country, has been abroad since October, 1874, at times exhibiting his apparatus and at others drifting or paddling down the rivers of Europe, in order to satisfy apparently an innate love of daring and adventure. Twice he swam across the English Channel; he swam down the Rhine from Basle to Cologne, down the Danube from Linz to Pesth, down the entire lengths of the Po, the Tiber and the Arno, from the Isle of Capri to Naples, across the Straits of Messina, by the famous whirlpool of Scylla and Charybdis, then down the Rhone, the Somme, the Loire, the Tagus; over the Straits of Gibraltar, down the Gaudalquiver, the Garonne and the Seine; Captain Boyton has spent a large part of his time during his sojourn in Europe upon the water, and of this the most interesting on the surface of rivers which had never before been known to living creature, save fish and sea fowl. In the Captain's journey down the Tagus from Toledo to Lisbon, he says he got among river solitudes that had never before been invaded by man, and his bugle notes were echoed by weird primeval rocks, that sent back for the first time the reverberations of human speech. Crossing the Straits of Messina, he had a fight with a shark; on the Tagus, a long continued battle with rapids and waterfalls; in the Straits of Gibraltar a struggle with the currents, and in the Po a death fight with the "fever of fire." Sometimes the Captain, during his journey, dressed in his peculiar costume, which gives him a kind of seal-like appearance, was received with royal honors by majesties and princes innumerable, by cities and corporations, with grand fetes and popular rejoicings. On the other hand his appearance in solitary stretches of rivers, where his name and fame had not penetrated, sometimes caused consternation, the Captain being greeted either as a merman, a river gnome or the devil himself in person.

MIDDLE AGE.

All over; aye, I look at mine own hand,
That quite has lost the lissom grace of youth,
But if its living pulse I understand,
Fit yet to hold its own for love or truth:
Scarce meet for pretty pledge or kiss of lover,
Yet fond and firm for clasping in another.

Over and done: I sit before the glass,
Drawn full into the sunshine's ruthless glare,
I see the crowsfoot where the soft bloom was,
The silver threads set in the bright brown hair;
My mirror never flashed me beauty back,
So now, perchance, I have the less to lack.

And yet for all it's over, in the face,
That gazes sad and patient back on me,
I fancy love might read some quiet grace,
Some touch of matron calm serenity.
The eyes that live on children's life for years,
Gain something surely from their smiles and tears.

Must it be over? one by one they flash,
To their own place, these cherished stars of ours,
Daring the storm in courage blind and rash,
Seeing no serpent coiled among the flowers;
Leaving us stranded on the lonely shore,
Where the long waves chant, "Never, never more."

They will not, may not, cannot come again:
The bond is snapped, and the great current sweeping
Each little boat on to the mighty main,
Over each barrier in its fury leaping.
Bears them in its resistless might along,
For wreck or haven, gain, loss, prize, or wrong.

For us, it all is over; though sometimes
We feel old power pulse our being yet.
"Past, past!" the voice of fate around us chimes,
Past, alas and dream, vain struggle or regret!
Put by the mirror, let the hand alone,
The last card has been dealt, the game is done.

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

STANDING in the gateway to finish his cigar, Leolin saw a chariot approaching, its lamps shining like two great stars. Jeffs was on the box, by which Leolin knew the carriage must be that of the Lady of Pomeroy, and no doubt contained his sister Joan, who had been staying at the convent on a visit to the Lady Abbess. She was now coming for the morrow's services and to be the guest of Sybilla.

Leolin waited to receive his sister. And then, their greeting over, he turned out on his solitary walk again, the perplexity, touching Major Thomas Barkley, running riot in his brain.

Autumn weather had been genial that year: the sun bright, the air warm up to the middle of October. But to-day wintry weather had come in. The skies were gloomy; the whistling wind rose in mournful strains, now rushing along in terrific gusts, and now gently shaking the trees with a sound of lamentation. Thus it had been since early morning.

Twilight was drawing on space. In one of the rooms of the south tower sat the Lady of Pomeroy and her sister-in-law, Joan, both habited in the deepest mourning, their custom on this particular day. This apartment, one of elegance and refinement, but small, looked on to the court-yard.

"How the wind howls!" exclaimed Miss Pomeroy, shivering as the blast seemed to shake the tower. "Sybilla, I wonder you prefer this tower sitting room on these windy nights."

"It is more cheerful, Joan. The drawing rooms in the wings are large and dreary. In this room though the wind seems to shake it, we look out on the court and see the light and signs of life."

"I have observed that on this day the wind always does come up in these blasts," returned Joan, in a whisper that seemed to shrink from its own echo. "It is as if the dead were abroad."

"It is now nine years since the fatal night: four of its anniversaries I have passed in the abbey, and each time it has been one of these howling, gloomy days. They are enough to call up feelings of superstition in themselves alone."

That that day nine years ago had been a memorable one for the Pomeroys none can deny. In that room of the west tower, exactly opposite to the one they now sat in, a room shunned for long long years before as being the haunt of a departed spirit, wronged in life, Guy met his dreadful death by Rupert's hand—and Rupert had ever since been an exile.

Miss Pomeroy rose, with a quick movement, almost as though her thoughts were too much for her, and drew aside the window curtain. There she stood, looking down on the quadrangle. The rooms in the north wing, inhabited by Leolin's household, were gay with many lights: and, it may be, that Joan felt cheered by the silent companionship. Light clouds sailed along the otherwise clear sky; the moonlight shone full on the west wing and tower. It had turned out a bright day.

On this same evening, Alice, widow of Guy Pomeroy, sat in her dressing-room, its windows facing the west wing and west tower. She had attended, with the rest of the abbey, the services in the chapel: at the conclusion of the last one, vespers, she had shut herself in her rooms, closing them against intruders.

Her eyes fixed on the windows of the haunted room, the terrible room which had been so fatal to her, there she sat, and indulged her reflections. What could those reflections be? Through her and her folly Guy had died, and Rupert was an exile. But she had never condoned the fact that Guy won her by a lie; and her feeling toward him was still one of dislike, rather than of love.

The mental distress in which she continually lived had been recently added to by her becoming acquainted with that hazardous visit of Rupert's to England in the Spanish barque: which fact had previously been kept from her. She learnt it through inadvertence.

Since then, it was not a week ago, Alice Pomeroy had lived in the most intense dread. The affair had taken quite an exaggerated hold on her mind. In every shadowy nook she saw the ill fated Rupert, cowering and shivering and hiding himself from the law: and she saw, in imagination, the officers of that same dread law pouncing upon him.

The moon had risen high as Mrs. Pomeroy sat, and its rays fell full on the haunted chamber: so had they fallen on the ever-to be remembered night, when she was within it with Rupert. She raised her hands to her still young and beautiful face, and, pressing its temples, spoke aloud in her abandonment of remembrance and grief.

"Will he dare to venture back?—will he dare to come: here, to Pomeroy? Oh, that he would, that I might warn him! I would ask but one short, brief interview with him that I might tell him his visits to England were known and watched for—as I make no doubt they are; that treachery is abroad and that he must hasten to put the seas between him and his enemies. We might speak just one word of comfort to each other's worn and weary heart, to strengthen ourselves in bearing up on our lone and miserable way. If he—

Mrs. Pomeroy's voice died suddenly, but her mouth remained open in dread amazement. If ever she saw the figure of Rupert Pomeroy, she thought she saw it then, in the haunted room.

The longer she gazed the more terrified she grew. That some one was moving about, inside that room, was certain. It appeared to be a man's figure of remarkable height. Yes, surely it was Rupert! He came forward more than once, and she distinctly saw his head bent against the panes of the window: and, even as she looked, a light for one brief moment appeared in the room, so that she discerned the outlines of his form and face. A strange thrill ran through her: it was undoubtedly Rupert Pomeroy. But the light—what was that for? It appeared as though a match had been struck and as instantly extinguished.

Curious fancies come into a woman's mind: and into a man's also sometimes. Mrs. Pomeroy arrived at the conclusion, by a process of reasoning which had little of reason in it, that Rupert had struck the flash of light to give token of his presence. "The flash must have been as visible to the other windows as to hers: wondering eyes might likewise be at them: and a terrible dread took possession of her.

What could he want—and in that place she asked herself. Oh, she must contrive to warn him of his danger: it seemed to be almost as a sacred duty laid upon her—for had it not been she who helped to bring the trouble upon him?

In the excitement that possessed her, she lost sight of the dread journey that would be hers in going to the west tower. There might be no time to lose: for in that room he surely would not linger: but that he had contrived to get it to make known his presence, and to signal some one from the abbey to him, she could not doubt.

Throwing a large black shawl over her head to ward off recognition, Mrs. Pomeroy stole down the stairs to the cloisters, as she had once stolen years before, and gained the north tower. But its door was locked. How then could Rupert have gained admittance to the west wing? She drew into a corner to solve the mystery.

She could not do it. Gliding back, she entered a passage that took her to the window of the key-closet, in which a light burned. Peering closely in, she saw the bunch of keys belonging to the closed rooms hanging in its respective niche. What a mystery it all was!—now, as then. But she must gain admittance for Rupert's sake. Had he kept false keys by him all these years?

Speeding back, she entered the day nursery Bridget was kneeling down in the dark, her face just above the sill of the window, and as close to its glass as Mrs. Pomeroy's had just been to that of the key-closet. She started up with a cry of surprise at the entrance of her mistress.

"Why are you in darkness?" sharply demanded Mrs. Pomeroy. "What are you looking at?"

Bridget made no reply. She opened the store cupboard to get out her candle and box of matches: but before lighting it she turned to draw down the blind.

"I ask you, Bridget, what you were looking at: glued to the window in that manner! Let the blind alone and tell me. Speak instantly."

Bridget drew away from the faint light that came in at the window; the moon did not shine on these rooms as it did on those opposite; and her voice dropped to a whisper. "Madam, Mr. Rupert is come back at last. I have seen him every night for a week in the haunted room opposite. I saw him to-night, a quarter of an hour ago, and I was watching for him again, madam, when you came in."

"You have seen him for a week past!" repeated Mrs. Pomeroy, in utter amazement.

"Just one week ago this night, madam, was the first time. It was a deal later than this, and a dark night. Miss Mary was restless: she had gone to bed in anger with mademoiselle, and could not sleep, and called to me to go in and tell her some tales. Well, madam, I did so, and sat till she was asleep, and then I came back here. I stood a few minutes at the window before relighting my candle, which I had put out, and was watching the servants' lights in the north wing—there was plenty of them alight for, if you remember, madam, Mr. Leolin had a gentlemen's dinner party that night: it was the night before he went to London. I was looking at their lights, when all in a moment I saw a flash of light in the haunted room; it went out again, but not before I had caught sight of some form that looked like Rupert's. I was struck with fright. I thought what will become of him if he lets himself be seen. I watched the best part of the night, but I saw no more, and I have watched every night since, and seen him in it: never for above a moment until last night. Last evening, madam, he stood for five minutes, good, at the window in the moonlight."

"Bridget"—and Mrs. Pomeroy's voice trembled with its emotion—"are you sure you are not mistaken? Is it veritably Mr. Rupert?"

"Was there ever a tall, noble form like his, madam—save the lord's, and he has been under the sod these nine years. Six feet three inches, and of noble proportions! No, madam, I cannot mistake the form or the turn of the head of Mr. Rupert Pomeroy."

Mrs. Pomeroy leaned against the window-frame, and thought. Her project of penetrating to the west tower was growing more feasible.

"Bridget," she said, arousing herself with a start, "we cannot let Mr. Rupert stay there unwarned. You must go into the north wing and get me the keys. I will go up myself."

Bridget could scarcely answer for surprise. "I get the keys, madam! Cox would never trust me with the keys!"

"You can take them without his knowledge. Use your cunning. The keys are hanging there, for I have just seen them. Go at once: I will await you in the cloisters."

Mrs. Pomeroy waited what seemed to be an interminable time. Bridget came at last, and with the keys. Mrs. Pomeroy desired her to go indoors.

"Madam—shall you like to go up alone?" whispered the woman.

"I will do it, whether I like it not," was the valiant reply of Mrs. Pomeroy. "Were two persons to go up, their movements might attract attention. Go you back to the nursery, Bridget, and be silent as the grave."

Her heart beating strangely, Mrs. Pomeroy went up the stairs of the north tower, and into the rooms of the west wing, unlocking each door as she came to it.

Pushing aside the hangings of the haunted room, she stepped into it, expecting to see Rupert. But the room was empty. The bright moonlight, streaming in, very bright indeed that night, enabled her to see every part of it. The room looked just as it had looked that former night; nothing seemed to have been touched, nothing changed.

But where was Rupert? What was this mystery? The rooms all locked, and this one empty! She began to shiver and shake.

"Rupert, where are you?" she called out with desperate effort: "oh! Rupert, why don't you come to me? Only for one moment I have ventured up here for your sake."

Hark! What was that? A sigh?—a groan? it sounded like it. But where did it come from? It was not the wind; it was a totally different sound. It seemed to be in the walls—or was it but in her own imagination?

Well had it been for her peace of mind, that she never had looked up: for there, right against the nun's picture, there was his apparition—that of her husband, Guy. The moonlight shone in upon his ghastly face, upon his hare-lip, red once, but livid now; and his dull eyes were bent upon her in mingled sadness and anger, just as she had seen them bent in life.

How Mrs. Pomeroy left the couch and reached the window, she never afterwards remembered: some instinct prompted her thither. She went sideways: she could not turn her eyes from that awful figure, but she reached the window, dashed both her hands through it, shrieked out for succor in her terrible agony, and then fell down senseless.

The crash of glass was heard, with the shriek for aid; the hands, wringing wildly, were seen. Bridget had been listening and watching. Were the hands and the cry Mrs. Pomeroy's? Bred up in the Pomeroy superstitions, Bridget came to the conclusion that Mrs. Pomeroy must have seen the ghost: meaning, of course, that of the nun. As she gazed a figure seemed to grow in it: She recognised the ghastly face of the Lord of Pomeroy. With a smothered howl she flew out to the great gateway of the abbey and, crossing it entered the noble hall belonging to the part occupied by Leolin, and, waiting for nothing went on to the state apartments. In one of them sat Leolin and Father Andrew, playing at chess. She made a hasty reverence to the priest and told what she had seen.

"May all the saints have mercy upon Pomeroy!" uttered she, pretty nigh crazed with terror, touching the back of a chair to steady herself. "The lord's come again. Your poor brother, sir, is in the west tower."

Leolin thought she meant Rupert, and uttered the name involuntarily as he rose from his seat in consternation little less than hers. Father Andrew took a pinch of snuff while he stared at her.

"Ah, no, sir; not Mr. Rupert. Not but what at first I thought it was he; but it's the poor dead lord, Guy. Ah, you'll believe me now, sir! I told it, years ago, that the lord's ghost appeared to me the very night of his burying, and I was bade hold my nonsense. You may both believe me now."

Leolin Pomeroy, man of the world though he was, had been educated in superstition, and he rose from his seat in some discomfort. The father, on the contrary, looked very much inclined to laugh; perhaps he felt at home with ghosts and dead people.

At this juncture the room door softly opened; and Lady Anna Pomeroy came timidly in, her infant in her arms. *She* looked scared, partaking, it seemed, of the general discomfort. His wife's entrance served to break Leolin's unpleasant thoughts.

"What is it, Anna?"

"There's something in the haunted room, and I am frightened," she began in a whisper; for Lady Anna, having her abode amidst these superstitious people, had not escaped infection herself; and, to call the room the "haunted room," was, to her, quite natural. "I happened to be alone with baby, and was standing with him at the window, when I heard the crash of glass opposite, and I saw what looked like two hands thrust out at the casement of the west tower. In another minute I saw the outlines of some one inside, but I could not distinguish much, and then the room was lighted up with a pale discolored flame, and a tall figure rose before the window. It looked—it looked like some one dead," she shivered. "I saw the face distinctly; it was like no one I ever knew; there seemed something strange about its lip," she added, sinking her voice. "It was a white, corpse-like face; I say that I do not think it belonged to anyone living."

"Will you go up with me, father?" said Leolin in a low tone to the priest. "We had better go alone."

Father Andrew nodded a cheerful assent. Carrying a light, he and Leolin proceeded alone to the haunted room, and were unmolested by sight or sound. Mrs. Pomeroy was lying as she had fallen, underneath the window, in a dead faint. Raising her between them, they laid her on the old velvet couch; and the movement served to bring her to her senses. She seized hold of them both as they stood over her; her wounded hands clasping their hands, as though she would never let them go again.

"Don't leave me for the love of Heaven!"

"No, no," said Leolin, speaking softly in his compassion. "Have you been ill? What has alarmed you?"

"Is it gone?" she shuddered, glancing round. "In that place, there," she continued in a faint voice, pointing to the nun's picture, but not daring to raise her eyes to it, "stood the apparition of my husband. I would rather die than see it again; than be in this room with it alone—alone!"

"Daughter, your fears must have deceived you."

"Father Andrew, do you think I have forgotten him? Can I forget his features, and his peculiar lip? He was little altered; his eyes were dull, and his face wore the hue of the grave."

"It's a rare night for ghosts, this," cried the father, in his good-natured mockery, for he deemed it best for her not to treat it seriously. "The wind whirls round the abbey as if it owed it a grudge."

Leolin held the light so that its rays fell on every part of the small room. There was no possibility of any one's being concealed in it; neither was there a sign that any one had been in it save Mrs. Pomeroy and her imagination. He carried it to the next room and looked about; but there was neither sign nor symptom of anybody's presence, dead or living.

"Imagination, and nothing else," he whispered in the ear of Father Andrew. And he most sincerely hoped himself that it was imagination; that Rupert—whom he feared it was—was not there.

The search over a kind of peace settled upon the Abbey, and the inmates all retired

but few either to rest or sleep. The morning however carried the news of the strange happenings far and near.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BEANS AND BACON.

BOWLING along to Pomeroy Abbey, on the day following the commotion already told of, went Mrs. Wylde in her well-appointed chariot attended by her servants. The high wind had gone down; the October day was fair and calm.

In distress or trouble, a young woman naturally turns to her mother; for sympathy if not always for refuge. Mrs. Pomeroy had passed a most wretched night; her maid Theresa, having slept on a sofa in the same apartment, for she dreaded to be alone, and when breakfast was over, she despatched Bridget to the White House to ask her mother to come to her.

Be you very sure Bridget did not fail to make use of the opportunity. Five minutes after she entered, Mrs. Wylde was in possession of the whole story.

Dismissing the woman with a message that she would be at the abbey in the course of the morning, Mrs. Wylde sat on to revolve the news. And the conclusion she came to was not agreeable.

Supernatural appearances held no place in Mrs. Wylde's belief. That Guy, Lord of Pomeroy, should return to trouble the earth after having been decently buried away below it, she held to be most unreasonable. But she did fear very much, just as Leolin did, that it might be the wanderer, Rupert.

These were the reflections that were running through Mrs. Wylde's mind and clouding her face as she drove to Pomeroy. She found Alice lying on a sofa in one of the front rooms, Theresa sitting at work at the window.

Again she heard the story from her daughter's lips.

After listening to it, Mrs. Wylde fell into a fit of musing: she was naturally a shrewd far-seeing woman. That nothing she could urge would shake her daughter's faith in this supernatural appearance, was evident; and she began to reflect that, of the two evils, it was better to let her rest in the belief;aye, in spite of the fear and torment it induced, than that she should have her doubts directed to the only feasible explanation—Rupert.

"Alice," she resumed, "I have never seen a ghost myself, and that makes me a sceptic. I have heard that some people do see such things; that they are so constituted; and so—we will drop the subject. I came here intending to take you home with me. Will you come?"

Alice shook her head. "You are very kind, mamma; you mean well; but nothing would induce me to leave the abbey. My interests lie within it."

"What interests?"

"Mary's interests; and hers are mine. There are people living who would be capable of destroying them; I must be here to protect them."

Mrs. Wylde scarcely understood; and Alice continued.

"Mary shall sometime be Lady of Pomeroy; I have made my mind up to that. Her father was the lord, she shall in her turn be the lady."

"By what means would you make her such?"

"By her marriage with young Rupert."

Mrs. Wylde positively shrank at the words. She had had enough of scheming, herself, when she schemed to make this, her own daughter, Lady of Pomeroy by her marriage with Guy. What had come of it!

"Oh Alice, don't plan!" she urged, her voice taking quite a wailing tone. "Don't, don't! Be content to leave things to the good care of Heaven. And they are both but children yet."

"Of course: we cannot act against Heaven," returned Alice, more pointed indifference in her manner than her mother liked to see. "But—to return to the question. This is my home, mamma, and I assure you I have no intention of quitting it."

"Only for two or three weeks, then; for two or three weeks, Alice! Until this excitement shall have worn away."

Alice rather wondered at her mother's persistency—she seemed quite agitated. "Thank you, mamma, but it cannot be. When my hands are better I will bring Mary and spend a long day with you."

Passing down the stairs and out at the gateway, Mrs. Wylde made a sign to her carriage not to follow her, and walked round the abbey towards Father Andrew's. Old Marget said her master was at home, and unceremoniously ushered the visitor into the little sitting-room, where sat the priest at his early dinner.

"Beans and bacon, my favorite dish," said he in his jolly, hospitable manner. "Will you take some, Mrs. Wylde: there's plenty. It's not often that she gives it me."

Mrs. Wylde thanked him and declined. She entered at once upon the errand that had brought her, the priest turning from the table to listen.

"I want you to use your influence with my daughter to come to my house for a time!" said Mrs. Wylde, after some little conversation, chiefly touching the previous night, had passed. "She won't listen to me: nothing will induce her, she says, to quit the abbey. Do you think you could prevail upon her?"

"I'll try," said the priest. "But—once Mrs. Pomeroy takes a notion into her head, you can't get it out again. You can't coerce her. She is fond of her own will, you see: she's like a Pomeroy for that."

"And what an improper place the abbey is just now for the child!" resumed Mrs. Wylde—"all these ghostly tales floating in it. For the child's sake, Alice ought not to keep her there."

Father Andrew nodded assent. "Have you suggested that phase of the matter to your daughter?"

"No; to say the truth it had not occurred to me. But I will suggest it. The child knows all about last night, Mademoiselle de Garonne says: she is just one of those children that you can't keep things from. You must talk to Mrs. Pomeroy yourself, father."

"I will," said the priest. "I'll see her to-day."

Back started Mrs. Wylde for the abbey, leaving the good priest to his beans and bacon. And as she was finally passing out to her carriage, she saw Leolin Pomeroy coming round from the path that led to the rocks. On the impulse of the moment she turned aside and spoke to him.

"What a disagreeable affair this is, Mr. Pomeroy, that they are saying has happened—about your poor brother Guy. He could not have been seen, could he? The thing does not stand to reason."

Every haughty line in Leolin's face grew more haughty at the abrupt address. He had never taken cordially to Mrs. Wylde, any more than he had to her daughter: that she should presume to speak of this to him tried his temper.

"What do you mean, madam?" asked Leolin.

"What I fear is, that it must be Rupert," spoke Mrs. Wylde, her voice sinking to the veriest whisper. "Father Andrew says no: but I cannot come to any other conclusion."

Leolin despising Mrs. Wylde, deemed it little less than a piece of insolence for her to have mentioned the subject to him at all: but nevertheless her opinion painfully impressed him, strengthening the fear which he had been striving all the morning to drive away. He would not let this be seen: he turned the subject off with almost a jest, changing his tone to one of civility, as he walked with her to hand her into her carriage.

She drove off nodding to him. Leolin lifted his hat with a smile, and then put it on to cover a brow of perplexity and pain.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WITH MR. HILDYARD.

LEOLIN POMEROY had remained so deeply imbued with the impression that it was Rupert who had been seen in the west wing as to become uneasy. The whole day after his brief interview with Mrs. Wylde he had brooded over the fear, striving in vain to discard it; at evening, calling Father Andrew to be his companion, he went into the wings and made a search of the rooms: but they found nothing. After a night of torment, Leolin had come to London to put the matter before Mr. Hildyard and get his opinion. But on his arrival there he found the lawyer seriously ill.

However at twelve o'clock he made his way to Russell Square, sent in his card, and was admitted. At his desk, in a small study lined with books, apparently sorting old letters, sat Mr. Hildyard, worn, grey, and shrunken. He silently took the hand held out by Leolin, and kept it for some moments.

"I am very sorry to see you like this," spoke Leolin, whose heart was aching. Never in all his life had he seen anybody so changed in a space of time that might be counted by hours.

"Ay. When the end sets in with a will, it makes quick work with some of us," was the answer. "But I am somewhat better to-day. What has brought you up again so soon?"

Leolin drew a chair near, bent forward and entered upon his tale. The lawyer listened in silence, his elbow on the table, his hand partly shading his face.

When he had given all the particulars the lawyers said:—

"But you have searched and found no one?"

"Yes, but it was at night. And there may be nooks and corners that the light did not penetrate, or we see—any way, the fear that Rupert is hiding there haunts me. Who knows but some secret closet may exist there?"

"How could he be fed?"

"I know not. Unless he has had Cox in his pay. I might suspect old Jerome were he at the abbey; but he is not. Jerome would run his very neck into a noose to serve or save a Pomeroy."

"Has Jerome got him shut up in the keep?" went on Mr. Hildyard. But he made the remark in simple pleasantry, his mind refusing to admit the possibility that Rupert could be at Pomeroy. And this Leolin detected. Rupert was in the west tower, if anywhere; not at the keep.

"And what is it that you wish me to do for you?—or, rather, Prael; for it must be he in future."

"I don't know what it is," confessed Leolin; "I don't know that anything can be done. The fact is, I am too uneasy to be at rest; and I came up to put the case before you and ask your opinion upon it; more especially to ask whether you have gained any clue latterly as to where Rupert is."

"Not the slightest," promptly replied Mr. Hildyard. "Does the Lady of Pomeroy never hear from him? her husband, George, used to."

Leolin shook his head. "We are not great friends, she and I, but she would be sure not to keep so grave a thing from as any communication from Rupert. I would almost give up my birthright to set the question at rest; to be assured of where Rupert is at this present moment," passionately added Leolin.

Mr. Hildyard understood perfectly what he meant by his "birthright:" the heirship of Pomeroy. He was beginning to look upon Leolin, in regard to that point, as partly demented.

Leolin rose. "I cannot take up your time longer—and to no purpose," he remarked. "I wish you could have advised me—or suggested some little ray of light."

"I think, were I you," slowly spoke Mr. Hildyard, "I should at once throw that west wing open. Open all the rooms, one after another; doors and windows too, and let them stay open day and night."

But there might be objections to this plan; even as the lawyer spoke, they passed through Leolin's mind. If Rupert were indeed there, it might be fatal to him; leading to his discovery: moreover, control in these matters was not vested in Leolin, but in Sybilla. And she had all along shown herself resolute in keeping the west wing unmolested.

"I trust I shall soon hear better news of you," said Leolin, some slight tremor in his voice, as he gazed upon that fading face.

"There will be no 'better' for me in this world," was the lawyer's answer; "I feel that I now see you for the last time. Mr. Leolin, we have been good friends for many years, as client and advocate. I have served the Pomeroy family faithfully——"

"You have, you have," impulsively interrupted Leolin, pressing the hands that clasped his. "Never a more faithful friend than you."

"Then, will you pardon me if I presume upon that long friendship, those years of service, by giving to you a last word of advice? I do it as a dying man. Prevail upon yourself to let the contest with Rome drop—or, rather, the contest with the rights of the young child. You know what I have always said—that the cause is not a righteous one. I feel sure, I seem to see clearly, that Heaven does not and will not prosper it. Cease the vexatious strife, and thereby ensure peace to your conscience. You may need the comfort when you come to be as I am. It is for your own sake that I advise this."

"I am sure it is, and I thank you," returned Leolin warmly. "I thank you just as much as though I could take the advice. From your point of view it is only kind of you to give it. Well, good-bye; good-bye, dear Mr. Hildyard. I wish I could hear of your getting better! I wonder what it is that has induced this grave illness?"

The last words were spoken in that light and semi-insincerity which we are all apt to use now and then in social converse, for Leolin Pomeroy did know what had induced the illness. At least, he guessed—Mr. Hildyard was dying of that not very uncommon malady, a broken heart.

"Now, shall I go to Berkeley Square, or shall I not?" debated Leolin. "If I could make sure Essington was out, I would. I think I'll chance it."

For, Leolin Pomeroy no longer cared to meet his father-in-law too often. For some time now a coolness had existed between them. There had been no quarrel, no bitter words; but the older Lord Essington grew, the more strongly did he disapprove of Leolin's policy, to dispossess the young Lord of Pomeroy: and, as the earl was open-natured and very much given to say what he thought, Leolin kept out of his way.

Fortune favored him. Lady Essington and Geraldine were at home, but not his lordship. Leolin sat down to lunch with them.

They could converse restrainedly at the meal, as it was not customary for servants to be in attendance. Mabel was married; married well; but not to the Duke of St. Ives, who had never come forward again after Anna's rejection.

"And what of your wife?" asked Lady Essington. "Is she really getting strong?"

"I think so; I hope so," replied Leolin. "She had a very slight attack of ague a night or two ago—but something had occurred to put her out."

"Got frightened about her baby, I expect, poor girl: I'm sure I hope this one will live. It is very sad Anna should have had this nervous fever," added the countess.

"It was intermittent fever," contended Leolin, incipient resentment in his tone.

"They are much alike. We have spoken of it here as nervous fever all along. Her father thinks it was that."

"But I assure you it was not," persisted Leolin.

"It is her father who says it: I don't say it. I am sure he has Anna a great deal upon his mind. He thinks that this perpetual scheming, which goes on, tries her and tells upon her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHAKLETON GRANGE.

BY VIVIENNE.

OF course you must go, Maggie. Now that your grandfather has written for you, it would never do for you to refuse for all our sakes, most especially your father's. Richard, what do you say?" continued my mother, as my father entered our small breakfast-room. "Maggie has had a letter from the old squire this morning, saying he is ill, and he wants her to go and stay at Shakleton until he is better."

"I am very glad of it," he replied. "Who can tell what may spring from it? You may be the means of healing the old rupture. I have tried and failed often enough; it is for you to try now, my child—who can say? But Maggie the Grange is a dismal, gloomy place for a young girl to stay at," he continued, looking out through the window at the soft, white snow which was falling thickly upon the opposite trees.

I did not say to any one how much I disliked the idea of my visit, for I saw how pleased my parents were that my grandfather had written and asked me. The feud between the father and son dated back twenty-five years, when my father was little more than twenty. I had heard the story often from my mother, and from old Betsey, our nurse, and it was one of disobedience and unforgiveness. It was this: Richard Grayson, my grandfather, had only one son, my father, who was foolish enough to fall in love with his sister's governess and marry her, in spite of all his father wished and said. They were privately married; and as soon as it became known my grandfather turned my father out of Shakleton Grange, and they had never looked upon each other's face since.

The preparations of the next few days kept my mother and myself very busy, and then came the morning of the tenth, when I was to leave, the first time in my life, and take my lonely journey into an unknown county. Wallace Deering, the young doctor of Hendon, who was a great deal in my little world, and my father accompanied me to Raighton, the nearest station to Hendon. Then came a few last words and messages, mingling with the ringing of the bell, and I was on my way to Shakleton, where we soon arrived.

I was the only passenger for that small wayside station, where I found one of my grandfather's carriages waiting to convey me to the Grange. At length the carriage stopped. The hall-door was thrown open and a broad, blinding, ruddy flood of light and a kind-hearted old lady advanced to meet me, introducing herself as my relative's housekeeper, Mrs. Forbes.

She showed me to my room, and waited for me while I changed my dress; when this was concluded, she accompanied me to a room at the far end of the corridor.

Then, throwing open the door, she announced me,—"Here is Miss Grayson, sir." Then the door closed, and I stood, silent and nervous, in the presence of my grandfather.

"Come to me, Maggie," said a weak voice, which proceeded from a large arm-chair, drawn up very close to the fire—"come to me."

I crossed the room, and stood silent by the chair, which held a small, shrivelled old man, with a long white beard and moustache. He did not look so old as I had expected, but he seemed to me to be very feeble and ill. He breathed heavily, and the hand which he held out to me shook like a leaf.

In that hour we did not talk much, and my grandfather never asked after my father and my home; but he seemed pleased to have me sitting beside him, and he listened patiently to me, and would look kindly at me, as I chatted of my journey.

We dined in the library that evening, and at my grandfather's request I took my seat opposite to him, considerably awed by the solemn state of all I saw and heard.

It is now many years since that first evening at Shakleton Grange, and yet everything that happened stands out as distinct and fresh in my memory as the events of yesterday.

During the progress of the meal my grandfather turned to the man who was standing behind his chair, and asked, "Webster, do you know whether Symes has left the village yet?"

"He has not gone yet, sir. Tennant was telling me only a few minutes ago that he saw him at the door of the 'Lion' this evening as he drove Miss Grayson through the village."

"Well, listen, Webster. See Symes yourself, and tell him from me, that if I hear of his being in the neighborhood of Shakleton to-morrow, I will sign the order for his arrest. Maggie," he continued, looking across the table at me, "I have been very

much annoyed to day. That fellow that you heard me speak of, Symes, was an underkeeper of mine, and lately I have found out that he has been making away with the game wholesale—sending it to the markets, and robbing me right and left. This morning I discharged him."

As he concluded his recital, the querulous voice of my grandfather sank to a tone of fretful complaint.

Like most other things, my evening at Blakleton drew to a close. I felt tired with my journey, and very grateful to my grandfather for intimating that I might wish to retire early. Mrs. Forbes accompanied me to my room, to see that I found all comfortable, and I think to indulge herself with a little chat, as she stood by the side of my bright, warm fire.

After her departure, I commenced slowly disrobing, dreaming all the while of my Hendon home, and of Wallace Deering.

Some little time afterwards, just when I was going to put out my light and climb into the enormous heavy old-fashioned bed, my eyes rested upon a small door, which I had not observed before, in one corner of the room. Taking up the candle again, I crossed and looked in. What I saw, appeared to be a large recess or cupboard, filled with boxes and travelling cases. All this I saw at a glance; and I also saw something else—from underneath some old tarpauling, I saw two dirty boots protruding, while I distinctly heard the heavy labored breathing of some one sleeping under the old covering. Setting down my light for a second, and bending over the sleeping covered form, I saw the butt of a revolver shining out from underneath the tarpauling. I quickly drew it from its hiding-place, and taking it and my candle away with me, I beat a rapid and most willing retreat.

Once in my own room, I turned the key upon the sleeping man, and hastily put on my shoes and some clothes. Then I took up the light again and opened my bed-room door, leading into the great old gallery. This door I also locked after me, and then I sped noiselessly and quietly down the staircase into the hall. I must go for Tenant, the old servant who lived in the Lodge; that was the one idea which possessed me, and upon which I had been acting since I locked in the man. With trembling fingers I unlocked the great front door; and taking the key with me, I let myself out. I was half way down the avenue, and was just drawing my long white flannel dressing gown closer round me, for the cold penetrated my half-attire, when I heard voices before me, and I stopped.

The voices grew louder as they advanced, and the muffled footsteps seemed to pause opposite to me in an uncertain kind of way, while I distinctly heard one of the men say, "I cannot think what makes him so long before he gives us the signal. I hope the fellow got in all right. I think it is a pity that he is so set upon murdering the old squire. It is always best not to shed blood if one can help it, and it will punish the old chap sufficiently if we quietly bone his spoons, and leave his windpipe alone."

The footsteps and the voices passed on, and I lost the sound in the distance. Then I started again. I reached Tenant's lodge at last and knocked loudly. Soon the door opened, and I pushed in; telling of my adventure in as few words as I could.

"Stop you here a bit, miss, with my old woman. I'll go and awake Webster, and make arrangements with him," said Tenant, when I had finished my recital, and then he went.

After what appeared to me to be hours, I heard "Gate" called outside, and opening the door, we looked out just as my grandfather's two men let in a small group of mounted police. I heard afterwards, that Webster's boy had fetched them on Tenant's horse while the two men kept guard.

We then all went to the Grange. Three of the men, with Tenant, went bootless up the broad stairs, along the fine, handsome old gallery, to my bed room. I stood outside by my grandfather's door: he should not be disturbed if I could help it.

A second or two, and I heard a faint struggle, and they came out again leading a man gagged and pinioned—the same I found sleeping. I heard afterwards that they stood in the hall, leaving the door open, and blowing a whistle found upon the captured man, they surrounded and caught the rest of the gang as they rushed in at the well known sound.

I say I heard afterwards, for at the time it was done I was lying upon my bed in a dead faint, with kind-hearted Mrs. Forbes bending anxiously over me.

One evening, about a fortnight after the adventure I have described, I was lying in my dressing-room; a low tap came to the door, and upon my calling out "Come in," my grandfather entered.

"May I come in, Maggie?" he asked, as he crossed the room to me. "I want to talk a little to you, if it will not tire you. Do you know that Symes and his gang were tried to day, and Symes confessed, amongst other things, that he had meant to shoot me. He is a bad revengeful fellow, and I am afraid there are many like him. Now, Maggie, child, we will not talk any more about him. To all intents and purposes, you saved my life, and I wish to show my gratitude by giving you pleasure. Ask me for something, pet, and it shall be yours. Shall it be diamonds to sparkle in your hair, little one?" he asked, fondly smoothing my hair with his infirm hand.

I clasped my arms round the kind old man's neck, and whispered, "I do not want diamonds."

"What! a woman, and not want diamonds!" he exclaimed. "Child, you astonish me. Well, then, shall I buy a fine practice for a certain young doctor whom we know of, and set the wedding bells ringing?—shall I, Maggie?"

"No, grandfather dear, I do not want wedding bells, nor the doctor either. I mean—I want something else so much more." I slipped off my sofa and knelt by the side of the old man. "Oh, grandfather! it is the time of pardon and peace; the time in all the year which ought to soften men's hearts towards each other, because it came to us bright with redemption and pardon. Say that you will not let this season pass you by without forgiving your own, your only son. His fault was little, and his sorrow much."

As I finished the old man's head was resting upon my shoulder, the silver hair mingling with mine.

"Child," he whispered in a softened voice, "you have conquered. It shall be as you wish."

That evening my grandfather wrote to ask my father to come to the Grange and bring his family, in which was included Wallace Deering.

They all came, and there never was such a dinner; and I do not think I ever saw such bright happy faces as smiled on every side.

Long years have passed since then, and the dear old gray head has for many years been sleeping under the shadow of the ancient church, while the bells have rung out above him the joyous tidings of Pardon and Peace.

WAITING

BY E. W. B.

When rose leaves in long grasses fall,
To hide their scattered bloom,
All tenderly the grasses
Bow down to veil the dead.

And there are hearts content to wait,
Still as the grasses lie,
Till those they love, however late,
Turn there at last to die.

Lulie's Match-Making.

BY MAGGIE SINCLAIR.

"MAMMA," exclaimed Lulie Marsh, "I have a fancy!"

"Well, darling," said her mother, "what is it?"

I am quite tired of heroes and heroines in stories, and all their real and imaginary troubles," replied Lulie. "You know when I am of age I shall have a nice little independency of my own, and a happy home with you as long as you live. I shall never need to marry for the same reason that so many girls do. Then I love you and Randall too dearly ever to love any one else more. I am going to weave my machinations round some one else. You must help me, mamma, and play into my hands."

"You must be more explicit, then," said Mrs. Marsh, looking very much amused.

"It has only entered my head since Randall's letter came this morning," said Lulie, gravely. "He says in it, you know, that he will be able to come to us for several weeks this midsummer, while we are here at Sandown Bay, and he is going to bring his bachelor friend, Mr. Burdenne with him."

"Well, Lulie, I confess I am as much in the dark as ever," said Mrs. Marsh.

"Well you remember my old schoolfellow, Gertrude Waite," continued Lulie.

"Certainly, Lulie," was the reply. "But how or in what way she is connected with John Burdenne, I do not know."

"Mamma," said Lulie, laughing softly, "you could not have read so many novels when you were young as I have done, or it would be no mystery to you. They have never seen each other that I am aware of, but that is no reason why they should not indeed I am going to make it my business to introduce them to each other. I am only waiting for your permission to write off at once to Gerty, asking her to come to us as soon as our holidays commence."

After some little hesitation her mother gave the required permission, with the addition that she should be very discreet. Lulie thanked her, promising to be discretion itself and ran away to write her letter.

Gertrude Waite's father had failed in business, and she had been compelled to accept a position as teacher. Lulie's belief was that she was abused in her position.

She counted the hours until Gertrude could arrive, and she felt half angry with Randall, that in his haste to breathe the sea breezes, he and his friend arrived at Sandown Bay, two whole days before the eighteenth of June, the day upon which Gertrude would be liberated from her duties.

To make up for it, however, she was continually singing the praises of her friend. We are loth to confess how little real interest in Mr. Burdenne's own mind centered around the name so many times repeated of Gertrude Waite; but he did think many times what a generous little high-souled friend she possessed in Lulie Marsh.

Gertrude Waite was of course in perfect ignorance of the designs of Lulie; the little matchmaker was wily enough to understand the proud honorableness of her friend's nature, and to know that the mere hint of such a scheme would drive her to cut short her visit, and deprive herself of the only chance she had of entire rest and enjoyment.

At last she came, and Lulie was hopeful, but though Gertrude Waite was an interesting-looking girl, she was not an attractive one. To John Burdenne there was not sufficient originality about her to startle him into admiration; she was, upon the surface, so like dozens of women whom he had known. Had he taken the trouble, perhaps he might have discovered depths beneath, but then he felt no desire to take that trouble.

Lulie was not blind to the ill success of her scheme. She was more than once disposed to be angry with Gertrude, because she seemed so indifferent to the husband it had been her pleasure to single out for her—nay, Gerty, often spoke of him with something of aversion.

"What a pity it is," she said, "that so good a man can make himself so disagreeable!"

"But he is not disagreeable," replied Lulie, passionately; "mamma said only this morning what a pleasant addition he has been to our seaside home. All are willing to endorse her opinion but you."

"We can only speak of people as we find them, Lulie," said Gertrude. "Perhaps he has some especial antipathy to me that causes him always to put on his most unattractive manner towards me."

Lulie smiled; she had read somewhere, in one of the novels from which she had drawn her experience and wisdom, that to treat one person differently from others was a sure sign of some secret interest being felt in that person.

Matters did not look very promising, certainly; and when Gertrude left her, Lulie fell into a deep considering fit.

Later, when she came down into the morning room, she found Mr. Burdenne in a lounging chair, by the shaded window.

"Where is Randall?" she asked.

"I saw him ride out with Miss Waite about a quarter of an hour ago," was the reply.

Lulie thought, or supposed she detected, some little difference in Mr. Burdenne's manner. This of course she at once attributed to the fact of Randall's having run away with his lady love.

When they returned she seized the first opportunity that offered of speaking to her brother alone.

"I am surprised that you should be so blind, and so careless of your friend's happiness as to monopolize Gertrude's society as you did this morning, Randall. You are not acting honorably towards your friend," Lulie said.

"By Jove, Lulie, you are trying me too much!" exclaimed her brother. "Do you think John Burdenne cares a straw whether I or any one else monopolizes Gertrude Waite so long as he is left free to follow the bent of his own inclination? It is not Gertrude whom he is anxious to impress with a favorable opinion of himself. If it were, it would be the occasion of the rupture of our friendship," he murmured, as he turned away; which concluding sentence did not reach Lulie's ears.

As the days passed, and all Lulie's efforts to promote a better understanding between her brother's friend and her own were fruitless, the cloud grew deeper upon the brow of John Burdenne, and Lulie persuaded herself that he was inwardly torturing himself between his sense of what was due to his friend and his own inclination to win the good graces of Gertrude Waite.

The month drew to an end. Gertrude Waite received intimation that the school in which she was a teacher would re-open on the twenty fifth of the month, and that her presence would be required on the day preceding that date.

Randall hinted at the necessity of a return to the metropolis.

Lulie grew desperate. Something must be done.

Sitting in the sunshine, Lulie recalled to mind the many love stories that had wound themselves up happily, merely by the application of a seasonable sting of jealousy. She had been enabled to detect John Burdenne's secret by his jealousy of her brother; and if she could once make Gertrude deeply and seriously the prey of the green-eyed monster, the game would be over, and she would be the winner.

From that moment Lulie Marsh changed her tactics. Formerly, when her attempts had been unsuccessful to make John Burdenne the escort of Gertrude in any of their equestrian, aquatic or pedestrian excursions, she had either kept the party together or withdrawn herself from it, returning to the house upon some trivial excuse. Now it was different.

Some way this state of things progressed much more favorably than the former; all fell readily into her views; and when Gertrude's face lost some of the color and animation it had gained at Sandown, Lulie watched it with compunction mixed with triumph.

Those last days were like a Summer's bright dream; Lulie wondered however they had sped so swiftly and pleasantly, when all the time she had been inflicting pain.

It was time now to let Gertrude see that she had only been playing a part; that she had never intended in reality to usurp her position in the regard of John Burdenne. She must be cold and discreet again, withdrawing into herself. Why was it that the thought of the necessity of this caused her a momentary pang, sharp and stinging? It was a conscience prick; she had been traitor to Gertrude; yes, that was the reason of it; it would have been more strange had she not felt some of the pain she had been compelled to make Gertrude suffer. Yet when he proposed a last walk previous to his return, Lulie's heart beat quickly. There was no necessity for stinging Gertrude's heart still deeper with jealousy; then why did Lulie suddenly conceive a great desire for this one more walk with John Burdenne? He would be away to morrow; she might never see him again; it would be time enough to enlighten Gertrude in the evening; besides, Gertrude was gone for a drive, and if she deprived herself of the pleasure of this one last walk, she would gain nothing by it. So she assented, and ran away to put on her hat.

He was very thoughtful on the way, and when they reached the hill overlooking the sea, in a burst of passion he told her of his love.

"Mr. Burdenne, what do you mean!" she asked. "By what right do you dare to address me in this manner?"

"By the right you have given me," he replied; "by your manner towards me during the last week. Have you not shown many times that my attentions have not been unwelcome to you? Nay, have you not exhibited pleasure at their acceptance?"

The perception of John Burdenne was as keen as his heart was bold; Lulie had not deceived him as she had deceived herself, for it is easy to tell when aversion answers our advances. He caught her hand in his as she averted her head, and strove vainly for a glimpse of her downcast face.

"Lulie," said he, "if you had been quite indifferent to me, I should have discovered that fact before hazarding so much; but since I have hazarded so much, I must have plain and truthful answers. What obstacle stands in my way towards the attainment of my wishes?

Then Lulie's lips dropped the words, half audibly, "You were attached to Gertrude Waite before my encouragement turned your fancy in another direction."

"Never!" he exclaimed. "And why speak lightly of fancy when it is the devotion of a lifetime I offer you?—the first and only love of my manhood?"

Little traitress, how her heart beat at those words.

The mention of Gertrude's name then and there by Lulie proved the one link wanting in a chain of incidents in the mind of John Burdenne, making evident what had been obscure.

He laughed a deep mellow laugh at the discovery, and the hand that had been holding Lulie's slid round her waist, while he gathered her little form close to his breast, and she, as the proper culmination of her treachery, did not resist him.

By and by came Randall and Gertrude, happy in the consummation of their long and faithful attachment; for it turned out that ever since Gertrude first visited Lulie, she and Randall had indulged an outspoken fancy for each other.

"It is not a good match for you, Gertie," said Lulie, in self-defense and desperation.

"Not so good, perhaps, in a worldly sense, as the one you would have made for me," replied Gertrude; "but I would not for all the world, withdraw the heart from Randall that he won from me. We can wait, dear Lulie; but Mr. Burdenne can not. It is arranged that when you leave here, I shall come and be a daughter to your mother, until such a time as Randall has the home he thinks necessary for me."

Lulie hid her blushing face upon her friend's neck, and from that day to this she has never been heard to regret that her first and last attempt at match-making did not end as she anticipated.

A firm in Sheffield recently abandoned the design of the old-fashioned traditional sort of axe, and adopted the form of the American axe. A specimen of the improved axe was sent to Mr. [illegible] was received, acknowledging receipt of the implement and praising its [illegible] and now [illegible] the "Gladstone Axe" orders coming in for twenty to forty dozens at a time.

For a long time the raising of tobacco has been prohibited in Great Britain in order to enable the government to realize the greatest amount of revenue from it. It is now proposed to allow it to be cultivated in order to give employment to the people who are out of work.

Our Young Folks.

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

BY H. C

MAY I go on the common to play? I've been a good girl to-day,'' warbled the dear little pet, Isabel Lee, in a voice that was sweet as the song of a bird at sunlight; and up and down the stairs she went, singing her childish ditty, and searching eagerly for her mother that she might obtain the desired permission.

"Say yes, do now, that's a dear, good mother," she exclaimed, when at length she found herself in the arms of the loved one. "Miss Jane says I've been a very good girl, indeed; and she says, too, that air and play will do me much good. And there's no place in all the world where I love so well to play as on that dear old common of ours. I call it our little country, mother, 'cause there aint any houses there, nothing but grass and trees and water."

"And birdlings from human nests," said the mother, as she lovingly kissed the darling. "Yes, you may go, but mind and not play too hard—and be sure, Bell, to get home ere the dinner is ready."

Merrily then pattered the slippered feet after bonnet and cape and hoop—and merrily sang the happy voice:

"I may go on the common to play,
I guess I'll be good then every day."

Very demurely did the little feet pace the crowded and fashionable thoroughfare; but O, how lightly she bounded down the stone steps. And once on the gravelled path, with God's green grass beside her—his noble trees arching above her—his free, glad sunshine quivering on their tops, dancing through their interlacing boughs, here mottling the soft turf and there bathing it in a golden tide. Once beside the mimic lake, with its leaping, laughing, musical fountain,—once out in that "little country," and Isabel, happiest of the happy, flitted through the long walks with a step that seemed almost winged so fleet so airy was its tread, while her voice rang now in childish glee and again in birdlike songs, and her pulses beating with quickened life, sent fresh bright hues to the delicate cheek, gave an added lustre to the brilliant eye, a warm, glad gush to the panting heart, and a thrill of joy to the imprisoned soul. Out on the common she might be what God meant she should be while her years were young. A child, a romping, wild, frolicsome child; and gather in her buoyant sports that strength so needed in the life to come; that vigor which shields the heart from muffled notes. She rolled her hoop; she tossed her velvet ball, she "hipped and hopped to the barber's shop;" she made friends with the little girls who romped beside her, and lent them her hoop while she jumped their rope, she watched the little boys launch their boats, smiled with them when they bore a gallant sail, and spoke a comforting word when they met with a saddening wreck; she played with the babies—gladdened the hearts of the weary nurses with a kind and a loving word: and then, fairly tired out wandered away from the noisy group.

"I wont go home quite yet," said she. "I'll get rested first. Yes, I'll find me a nice cool shady place, and sit down there, and think awhile. Mother says it does little girls good to think," and so she tripped away in search of a missing spot.

But suddenly her steps were arrested: the light faded from her joyous eye; the song died on her lips. There, on the green turf beside her, the midsummer sun pouring its torrid rays upon his upturned face, buried in what seemed deathlike slumber, lay a man in the prime of life. Tattered and torn were his garments, a battered hat beside him, a broken bottle clenched in the right hand, a blotted paper in his left.

"The poor, sick man," said the wondering child, "out here in the hot sun asleep! It's too bad, too bad. How sorry his folks will be if they only knew where he was. He must have been going to the doctor's, for he has a bottle and a paper, and I guess he was so weak he couldn't get there, and fell down. The poor, sick man—how I wish I could make him well."

She looked awhile and then hesitatingly approached him, and sat down beside him. She took out her handkerchief and wiped away the great drops that had gathered on his brow, and then fanned him with that soft, delicate motion which we give to the dying friend. And all the time tears were steaming down her cheeks, and she was wailing with a hushed voice but sobbing heart over his lonely lot. She was wondering if he had a wife and little children—and if they knew how sick he was; and she wished he would wake up and tell her where they lived that she might bring them there.

A long while she sat there a patient, thoughtful watcher. Only once she ceased the cooling breeze—it was to fold her little hands as she had been taught, and breathe over him a childish prayer. That prayer! The angels hushed their harps to listen, and "there was joy in heaven."

At length the sick man turned and tossed as though his sleep was mostly over. "Poor man," said his little nurse, "poor man, you'll be sore and stiff I'm afraid, sleeping so long on the ground when it rained only last night. Poor man, how sorry I am for you." But now her little cheek is laid close to his bloated face, for his lips murmur and she would hear his words. Broken, indistinct ones they are at first, but then audible and pleading.

"Just one glass more—one, one, only one. I'm dying for it—give, give, one more—only one!"

"He's begging for water," she sobbed as she raised her damp face. "He's dreaming and thinks they wont give it to him. O, if I only had some; it's so hard to want a drink of water and not to have it." Here her eye rested on the broken bottle, and a happy thought struck her. She carefully unclasped his hand, seized the dark glass and hastened to the pond. "It will hold some; it will be better than none," said she, as she dipped it in and bore away the cooling, life-giving draught. She poured a few drops on his parched lips, and then laved his hot forehead and burning cheeks. That water, that vow of human love, dripped through his life pores and down to his very soul. It broke the stupor that palsied his nerves. He opened his heavy eyelids and gazed first vacantly, then wonderingly about him.

"Do you feel any better?" whispered the little girl, in tones low and sweet as the cradle hymn of a mother; "do you feel any better? I'm so sorry for you."

"Better," murmured he, "yes, I feel better. But where am I? what am I? I lay down in torture, and I wake up in heaven an angel watching over me. Aint you an angel? aint I in heaven?" And he seized her hand convulsively.

"Don't say such naughty words," said she; "don't sir, you scare me. No, I aint an angel, nor you aint in heaven. You are out here on the common. I found you here asleep in the sun and I was sorry for you, I sat down and took care of you. I am nothing but a little girl. Shall I give some more water?" and she held the broken bottle to his lips.

"Water! water! yes, give me some. Water from an angel's hand may save my soul!" And he drank, and then he sat up and looked around, and at the little one beside him.

"Little angel, little angel," said he, "there is hope for me yet: hope for me. Heaven sent you to save me. Bless you! bless you, little angel!"

"But I aint an angel," said she, artlessly. "I am only a little girl. Feel of my hand! you couldn't touch me if I was an angel. And see, I haint got no wings either." But he only said, "little angel," and lay his head in her lap and wept.

"Poor man," said she, as she bathed his hot temples and flushed cheeks; "poor, sick man, I'm so sorry for you. Haint you got any home?" He answered not, but only sobbed the louder.

By-and-by he looked up and said to the pitying child, "little angel, can you pray?"

"Yes, sir, I can. I prayed for you while you was asleep."

"Pray again—pray aloud—let me hear you." And she knelt beside him, clasped her hands and prayed, "Our Father, which art in heaven." When she had ceased he laid his head again upon her lap and sobbed.

"Shan't I go and find your folks for you, poor man?" asked she. "It's getting late, and I must go home soon."

"Take me to them, little angel—take me to them," and he seized her hand and led her away out of that beautiful green spot, and across several streets, and down into a dark, gloomy cellar home.

A pale, haggard looking woman, with a little purple babe on her lap, sat on a rickety chair, the only one in the room, close to the little window, stitching as fast as her fingers could fly. On a straw bed in the corner lay two other little ones, tossing in fever fits, while a boy of Isabel's age crouched beside them, crying, "Oh, I'm so hungry! I'm so hungry!"

"Thank God! you've come back at last, William," said the woman, as they entered.

"Thank God I've been brought back," said the man, with a choked voice. "And here is the little angel that brought me, saved me. Bless her! Mary, bless her!" and she led the half scared child to the knees of the wondering wife.

"I aint a little angel," said she. "I'm only a little girl—and I saw him asleep and sick out in the sun, and I fanned him, and brought him water, and took care of him. Weren't you worried about him, so sick?"

"Yes: so sick—so sick," said the man. "And when they ask you what ailed me, tell them I was sin sick. Go home, now, little angel—go back to heaven; you've saved me, made me well."

With fleet steps Isabel ran off and reached her home, all out of breath, just as her father was descending the steps in search of her.

"O, father! father!" she exclaimed, "come into the house, quick, quick; I want to tell you something." And she heeded not the many questions showered upon her by her worried parents till she had told her story.

"And O, father! O, mother! if you could have seen where he lived. A poor, sick man down in a cellar: only think—a damp cellar for a sick man, and nothing but a bed of straw, and two little sick children and a boy crying for something to eat, and a little baby that was half-starved; and such a poor, sick looking wife, and only one chair. O, the poor folks!

"And he would have it that I was a little angel—and he told his wife so. But I told him I wasn't, and I told her so: I was only a little girl. But she kissed me over and over again, and said I was a little angel. Do I look like an angel, mother? Do let me see," and she ran to a mirror. "Why, no: I look just like what I am, a little girl. What made them call me an angel? Do you know, father? do you know, mother?" But they only clasped her in their arms, and said "little angel, little angel."

In the parlor of Mr. W. there hangs an exquisite painting—a little girl is kneeling on the turf, her eyes raised to heaven, and her hands clasped in prayer.

"Is it a portrait?" asked a friend, after gazing long and earnestly upon it. For none can look without emotion upon that pictured face.

"It is."

"May I ask of whom?" and he turned to his host—but was surprised to see the great tears rolling down his cheeks.

"That is the little angel," said a bright-eyed boy, who stood beside him. "Father always calls it so."

"And I call it so rightly," said the father, solemnly. "She was a little angel—the angel that made me a man again. That made your mother a happy wife; and you a little, purple, sickly babe, the bright, glad boy you are."

Yes, thou wert an angel, sweet Isabel. In heaven thou art the little angel still.

STAGE TRICKS.

A playbill is not always the most truth-telling publication in the world. Managers, driven to their wits' ends to draw a sluggish public, often announce entertainments which they have no means of producing properly, or even at all, and have to exercise an equal amount of ingenuity to find substitutes, or satisfy a deluded audience. Power, the celebrated Irish comedian, was once making a starring engagement. It was about the time that the dramatic version of Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein" was making a great sensation, and Power announced it for his benefit, playing "the Monster" himself. The manager, however, refused to spend a penny upon the production. "You must do with what you can find in the theatre," he said. There was only one difficulty. In the last scene Frankenstein is buried beneath an avalanche, and among the stage scenery there was nothing resembling an avalanche to be found, and the avalanche was the one prodigious line in the playbill. Power continually urged this difficulty.

At last the manager fell into a brown study for a few moments. Then suddenly brightening up, he said, "I have it; but they must let the green curtain down instantly on the extraordinary effect. Hanging up in the flies is the large elephant made for "Blue Beard;" we'll have it whitewashed."

"What?" exclaimed Power.

"We'll have it whitewashed," continued the manager coolly; "what is an avalanche but a vast mass of white? When Frankenstein is to be annihilated, the carpenters shall shove the whitened elephant over the flies—destroy you both in a moment—and down comes the curtain."

As there was no other alternative, Power even submitted. The whitened elephant was shoved over at the right moment, the effect was appalling from the front, and the curtain descended amidst loud applause.

Not quite so successful was a hoax perpetrated by the famous Elliston, in England, many years previously. Then also, business had been very bad, and he was in great difficulties. Let us give the managers their due. They do not, as a rule, resort to swindles except under strong pressure; then they soothe their consciences with the reflection that as an obtuse and ungrateful public will not support their legitimate efforts, it deserves to be swindled. So, after a long continuance of empty benches, the walls and hoardings of the town were one morning covered with glaring posters, announcing that the manager had entered into an engagement with a Bohemian of extraordinary strength and stature, who would perform some astonishing evolutions with a stone of upwards of a ton weight, which he would toss about as easily as another would a tennis-ball. What all the famous names of the drama and all the talents of its exponents had failed to accomplish, was brought about by a stone, and on the evening announced for its appearance the house was crammed to the ceiling. The exhibition was to take place between the play and the farce, and scarcely had the intellectual audience patience to listen to the piece, so eager were they for the noble entertainment that was to follow. At length, much to their relief, the curtain fell. The usual interval elapsed, the house became impatient, impatience soon merged into furious clamor. At length, with a pale, distraught countenance, Elliston rushed before the curtain. In a moment there was a breathless silence.

"The Bohemian has deceived me!" were his first words. "That I could have pardoned, but he has deceived you, my friends, you;" and his voice trembled, and he hid his face behind his handkerchief and seemed to sob. "I repeat, he has deceived me; he is not here."

A yell of disappointment burst from the house.

"But, my dear patrons, your kindness merits some satisfaction at my hands; your consideration shall not go unrewarded. You shall not say you have paid your money for nothing. Thank heaven, I can satisfy you of my own integrity, and present you with a portion of the entertainment you have paid to see. The Bohemian, the villian, is not here. But the *stone* is, and YOU SHALL SEE IT."

He winked at the orchestra, which struck up a lively strain, and up went the curtain, displaying a huge piece of sand rock, upon which was stuck a label, bearing the legend in large letters, "THIS IS THE STONE."

It need scarcely be added that the Bohemian existed only in the manager's brain. But it is a question whether the audience which could be only brought together by such an exhibition did not deserve to be swindled.

MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

Since marriage became an institution there have been certain signs and superstitions that have clung to its celebration through all ages and in all countries. Even to-day, in most civilized nations, we have not entirely rid our minds of these superstitions, and I warrant there is never a bride but indulges herself in looking for some happy omen. Few people are dauntless enough to be married on Friday, and we have the most unlimited confidence in that old shoe thrown after the newly-wedded pair. Nearly every bride of to day wears about her when she is married some trifling thing borrowed from a lady friend, and all know that "Blest is the bride on whom the sun doth shine," and are equally certain that

To change the name and not the letter
Is a change for the worse and not for the better.

So on, quite indefinitely, it is wonderful how these ancient signs are handed down from generation to generation, and how impotent reason is to do away with their hold upon the human mind. Say what you will we are naturally given to superstitious fears, and they are the fewest people who are not more or less affected by them. But let us recall a few of the olden beliefs concerning marriage superstitions.

In the earliest weddings we read of among the Jews we find that the fourth day of the week was considered the unlucky day for virgins to wed and the fifth for widows. The Romans also believed that certain days were unfavorable for the performance of marriage rites, and these were the Calends, Nones and the Ides, the (first, fifth, and thirteenth of every month,) the whole months of February and May, and many of their festivals. June was considered the most propitious month of the year for matrimony especially if the day chosen were that of the full moon or the conjunction of the sun and moon. The month of May was especially to be avoided, as it was under the influence of spirits adverse to happy households, and for centuries this superstition seemed to prevail in Italy against May marriages, and even to this day prevails in some parts of England and our own country. In China marriages are positively prohibited at certain times and seasons, on account of their being unlucky.

There was at one time a superstition current in England against marrying on Innocents' Day, the 28th of December, a day of ill omen, because it was the one which commemorated Herod's massacre of the children. And it is still thought unlucky to marry in Lent. "Marry in Lent and you'll live to repent." An old line also says, "May never was ye mouth of love;" and another, "Who marries between ye sickle and ye scythe will never thrive." The old rhyme that we have all heard tells us to marry on

Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health
Wednesday the best day of all,
Thursday for crosses,
Fridays for losses
Saturday no luck at all.

At one time it was thought that all who married on Tuesdays and Thursdays would be happy. Among the Romans no marriage was celebrated without an augury being first consulted.

In the Middle Ages it was considered an ill omen if the bridal party in going to the church met a monk, priest, hare, dog, cat, lizard or serpent; while all would go well if a wolf, spider or toad were encountered.

It is lucky if the initials of a wedded couple spell a word.

In Scotland it is considered an unhappy omen if a couple are disappointed in getting married on the day first fixed for that purpose.

In the Isle of Man it is believed that it insures good luck to carry salt in the pocket when going to be married. At Hull it is considered unlucky to go in at one door and out at another when a person gets married.

Whoever goes to sleep first on the wedding night will die first.

If there is an odd number of guests at a wedding one is sure to die within the succeeding twelve months.

THE FIRST STEP.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

Steady, steady, old admiral! turn to the right,
Finger-point is full clearly in view:
From mother to grandmother cautiously steer,
Toddle slowly, old "Prince of the Blue."

'Tis a dangerous voyage, the first, for we know
Not a tithe of the dangers we seek;
If we did, we should never have courage to sail,
But should show the white spot on the cheek.

What, a fall? little traveller from sofa to chair,
Little sailor around Table Bay?
Never mind! there are rocks in the track of us all;
Persevere is the rule to "make way!"

So, in harbor at last, then! and now ready smiles
Are dispelling the fugitive tears;
May it be so, dear child, when thy locks have turn'd gray,
And thy months have grown into long years.

MODES OF TAKING OATHS.

THE peculiarities attending the solemnity of oath-taking in various countries, and among different sects, or parties, present some curious features, not only in connection with the terms of the adjuration, but the actions employed to render them more forcible or impressive.

In the Holy Scriptures we find it was usual for the oath-taker to place the hand under the thigh, or to raise it towards heaven. Among other forms of adjuration the Hebrews and Egyptians swore by the head, or the life, of an absent as well as a present prince. Among the most sacred oaths of the Persians was, by "the King's head." The oath taker swore sometimes by his own head, or some precious part of his body, as the eyes, etc. In the case of the later Jews, the earth, the heavens, and the sun, as well as angels were adjured, as also the temple, Jerusalem, etc., on taking an oath. The Jews were accustomed to swear, laying the hand on the Book of the Law; and from this may have arisen the practice of swearing on the Gospels, prevalent at an early period throughout Christendom.

The Greeks had a special reverence for oaths; those who observed them truly were designated "pious." The adjurations were multifarious, and were commonly by the god to whom the business in which men were engaged, or place in which they were, belonged. Thus, in the market, Mercury was invoked; Ceres by ploughmen, &c.; a particular oath of the Ionians was by colewort, dogs, geese, and plane-trees; sometimes they swore by the ground on which they stood. The fisherman swore by his nets; a soldier by his spear; kings and princes usually adjured by their sceptre. The manner of swearing was by lifting up the hands to heaven, or placing them on the altar.

The Arcadians swore by the waters of Styx: Hesiod mentions that the great oath of the gods was "by the Stygian lake."

Some Greek oath-takers held their garments and pointed a sword towards the throat, invoking heaven, earth, or the Furies.

The ancient Roman swore by his faith or honor; Livy tells us that the sanctity of an oath had more influence than the fear of laws and punishment.

The Orientals and ancient Persians swore by the sun, while the Scythians adjured the air, and a more tangible object, the scimitar.

The early Anglo-Saxons, like the Celts and Northern nations, laid their hand on some pillar of stone.

Among the Frieslanders a most solemn appeal was to take up a lock of hair with the left hand, and to lay two fingers of the right upon it. The Franks were accustomed to swear holding straws in their hands. The ancient Byzantines swore by their own copper coins; this was an old German custom before the introduction of Christianity.

Richard the First, on taking his coronation oath in 1189 laid his hand upon the Holy Evangelists and the relics of certain saints. The oath administered to the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, etc., of London in his reign, ended with "So God you help and the saints." In the ninth charter of London, granted by Henry the Third, it is recorded that the citizens shall not be allowed to swear upon the graves of the dead, a practice which had been attended with gross abuses.

In the Canterbury Tales are a variety of singular oaths. We have "by nails and by blood;" "by the good rood, or cross;" "by St. Paul's bell," and many others still more profane.

The "vow of the peacock" originated from a custom in the Middle Ages of serving up a peacock at table, on which the knights swore to perform deeds of prowess.

The early kings had oaths peculiar to themselves, such as that used by the Conqueror, "by the brightness of God;" William Rufus, "by the face of Lucca," not by St. Luke's face, as erroneously stated in the old chronicles, but from an image of the Saviour in a crucifix at Lucca, which was considered to work miracles. Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth also used oaths of a very forcible character.

Churches as well as saints, were invoked in olden times. This practice was not confined to England, but occurred abroad; the oath was by one, two, seven, or twelve churches. The deponent went to the appointed number of churches, and at each, taking the ring of the church door in his hand, repeated the oath.

Several oaths of the Middle Ages were borrowed from the pagans, as idols upon arms, the usual mode of adjuration among Northern nations; upon the scabbard of the sword; confirmation of the oath by joining hands: by taking hold of the hem of the garment; swearing by the feet of the abbot and monks; upon bracelets, and others.

Of swearing on the sword, we have an interesting instance in the life of the great Gustavus Vasa, of Sweden. In 1540 he assembled the States, in which it was decided that the monarchy should be hereditary, whereupon the king drew his sword, and extended it before him, saying: "In the name of the Holy Trinity, and by the power of Almighty God, who hath bestowed on us our children, and hath caused them to be the heirs of the Swedish Empire, we stretch over you the sword of justice, as a testimony from us and our heirs, to you and all our subjects, faithfully to guide, guard and rule you, and for confirmation; stand forth each one of you, and touching the sword with your corporeal fingers, thus repeat the oath of truth and fidelity, that to us and our heirs you have freely offered." Hearing this, the States approached—senators, nobles, citizens, peasants, all laid their hands on the royal sword, and each took the oath of allegiance and fidelity.

Swearing on the cross was practised by the Russians from early times, and in the statutes of the Order of the Garter by Henry the Eighth, the knights were enjoined to make a general oath upon the Holy Gospels, to obey the statutes "without fraud or delusion," touching the book and kissing the cross.

The "oath by the bosom," formerly observed in Germany, had a curious and interesting origin. Women and boys are generally accustomed to carry on their bosom, suspended from the neck, a small copy of the Gospel; so the hand, when laid upon the breast, was, in reality, laid upon the Gospel. Chrysostom mentions a similar custom as prevailing in his time.

Some singular oaths occur in the writings of Ben Jonson. Cob, in Every Man in his Humor, swears: "By the foot of Pharoh, there's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath! O, I have a guest; he teaches me: he does swear the legibiest of any man christened: By St. George, the foot of Pharoh, the body of me, as I am a gentleman and a soldier; such dainty oaths!" Brainworm, in the same play, swears "by the place and honor of a soldier." Bobadil, among other oaths, swears "by the body o' Cæsar."

A curious custom observed on taking an oath in the Mine Court of the Forest of Dean, dating apparently from the thirteenth century, and continued until the middle of the eighteenth, is thus related: "The witnesses in giving evidence wore their caps, to show that they were free miners, and took the usual oath, touching the Book of the Four Gospels with a stick of holly, so as not to soil the sacred volume with their miry hands."

Bread and salt appear to have been used in former times as the form of an oath or asseveration. Swearing "by the beard" was also a common custom.

A Hindoo saying is: "Let a judge swear a Brahmin by his veracity; a soldier by his horses; his elephants, or his arms; and an agriculturist by his cows, his grain, or his money." In some respects these are similar to the ancient Roman.

The Chinese have a curious mode of oath-taking. Some years ago two Chinese sailors were examined at the city police court on the charge of assaulting one of their countrymen. The complainant was examined according to the practice of his country. A Chinese saucer was given to him, and another to the interpreter, and they both advanced to the window, directing their eyes to heaven, and repeating in their own tongue the following words: "In the face of God I break this saucer; if it comes together again, Chinaman has told a lie, and expects not to live five days; if it remain asunder, Chinaman has told the truth, and escapes the vengeance of the Almighty." They then smashed the saucer in pieces on the floor, and returned to their places to be examined.

In the Koran are some curious forms of oath. The Mohammedans do not employ adjurations in their judicial proceedings, but regard deliberate perjury, even when extra-judicially committed, as incurring God's vengeance. The sacred oath in Persia is "by the holy grave." Jews are sworn on the Pentateuch, keeping on their hats; and the oath ends with the words, "So help you Jehovah." In England and Ireland, a witness after hearing the oath repeated by the officers of the court, kisses the four Gospels. In Scotland the witness holds up his right hand and takes the oath, but without kissing any book. Quakers, in all civil cases, are allowed to give their evidence on affirmation; as are also Moravians and Separatists.

Grains of Gold.

He is a good man who does all the good he talks of.

Haste trips up its own heels, falters and stops itself.

Aim high; but not so high as not to be able to hit anything.

You were given two ears, and one tongue, and two eyes for a wise purpose.

Never exhibit too great familiarity with a new acquaintance; you may give offence.

Never forget that, if you are faithful in a few things, you may be ruler over many.

Never enter a room noisily; never fail to close the door after you, and never slam it.

Never will a gentleman allude to conquests which he may have made with ladies.

Good thoughts, like rose leaves, give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory.

Look well into thyself; there is a source which will always spring up if thou wilt search there.

Deference is the most complete, the most indirect and the most elegant of all compliments.

A man is called selfish, not for pursuing his own good, but for neglecting that of his neighbor.

We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and possibility of it.

Slander soaks into the mind as water into low and marshy places, where it becomes stagnant and offensive.

To render inevitable evil as light as possible is to be in reality what may be called both happy and wise.

Money can make a man notorious, but cannot make him respectable; but one-half the people do not know the difference.

Strange as it may seem to you, mankind had rather see you fail than succeed, because they had rather pity than admire.

Titles and orders, it is true, are very harmless things, but they produce a kind of foppery in the human character, that degrades it.

The vain man is, after all, the happiest. While the rest of us are trying to please others he is perfectly satisfied if he only pleases himself.

The disesteem and contempt of others is inseparable from pride. It is hardly possible for us to over value ourselves but by undervaluing others.

Many people are afraid to be natural for fear they will be called common, but the truth is, we are never so strong, nor so interesting, as when we are perfectly natural.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

Keep the tongue from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds; not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart. So much the worse that needless wounds are inflicted; so much the worse that unintentionally pain is caused.

Femininities.

An Iowa bride was rigged in a trousseau given by a former rejected lover.

"I like to make sponge cake," she said innocently; "it makes my hands so clean."

The mother who saw a baby prettier than her own has been sent to the lunatic asylum.

What law has been a terror to evil-doers ever since the world began? The mother-in-law.

If you want to get rid of your husband just ask him to hold a few skeins of yarn for you.

A sentimental Dutchman gave his sweetheart a flower which he called a "Don't you forget it."

The majority of women are little touched by friendship, for it is insipid when they have once tasted of love.

To a lover there are but two places in all the world—one where his sweetheart is, and the other where she isn't.

No more certain is it that the flower was made to wait perfume, than that woman's destiny is a ministry of love.

"Let girls be girls," says an exchange. Yes, that's so. A change couldn't be for the better and might be for the worse.

A lady traveler says that she never finds a newspaper or a clock in the ladies' parlor of a hotel, but she always finds a mirror.

There is one advantage in marrying a woman who hasn't a mind of her own: she can't forever be giving you a piece of it.

A Boston court decided a question which was long ago solved by many ladies, that when a woman lends money to her husband she cannot recover it.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is, to have in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, and in her behavior modesty.

When a Chinaman makes love to a girl he doesn't rave about his heart panting for her etc. No, he simply tells her he loves her better than he does rats, and she believes him.

Pearls are the fashionable jewel this season. Dead gold is revived for the setting of them, or diamonds. Filigree ornaments in silver and gold have reappeared, and also mosaic jewelry.

Every man who is fond of preaching economy to his wife should ask himself how often he practices that self-denial, in little personal expenditures, which he is constantly recommending to her.

The Parisians wear their short costumes much shorter than New York women do, and have in addition a fashion for looping them up directly in the back, showing about two inches of the petticoat.

At the close of the last session of the California Legislature a law was passed authorizing women to practice law in that State, and received the Governor's signature just two minutes before the adjournment.

A sister's advice to little brother: "When ever any of your sisters has company, and asks you to go and get a glass of water, go just as quickly as you can, but you needn't be in a hurry about coming back."

It was said of a lady who had just completed her two score years, and who played very loudly upon her piano, but never spoke of her age except in a whisper, that she was forte upon her piano, but piano upon her forty.

A married lady lately consulted her lawyer on the following question: "As I wedded Mr. Green for his wealth, and that wealth is now spent, am I not, to all intents and purposes, a widow, and at liberty to marry again."

It's the fashion nowadays when a girl gets married to send samples of the wedding dress for her friends to dream on, instead of a chunk of wedding cake. It isn't half so apt to attract the mice, and never greases the pillow-case.

The spirit of emulation in funerals is in strict obedience to public sentiment. Coming from the burial of a friend a young woman said to her mother: "Did you ever see such a cheap looking corpse?"

After all, a man never fully appreciates those voluminous dolmans of the ladies until he takes a moonlight promenade with the wearer, and notices how effectually it conceals from those behind the exact whereabouts of his arm.

A married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and retrieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that, although all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is a little world of love at home over which he is a monarch.

A new species of scandal has turned up in England. A lady of rank in London undertook to pay a tradesman's bill by presenting his wife at court, an honor of which she was most ambitious. At the last moment the Chamberlain found out who she was and refused to receive her. The lady says she performed her part of the contract. The tradesman has sued for his bill.

A young woman in Leon, Tex., was engaged to be married. That did not deter her from eloping with a second lover; but she was speedily overtaken by the first, with whom she went obediently to a clergyman and had the knot tied—The second lover returning home wifeless.

It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds, where a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it is sternly repressed; and the best way to overcome it is to try always to look on the cheerful side of things.

Seek not so much to know thine enemies as thy friends; for where one man has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by acquaintances.

The human heart, like a well, if entirely closed in from the world, is sure to generate an air of death.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are the best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts.

Hardine.

Run on the banks—sliding down hill.

Absolutely false—a set of artificial teeth.

Black lead—the followers of a negro guide.

The man with false whiskers is a bear-faced fraud.

"I'll lay for you!" as the hen said to the farmer.

The man whose cut couldn't be returned—the headman's.

The pump handle sees a good deal of the ups and downs of life.

Nearly every one has seen a pea-nut stand, but who ever saw one sit down.

Garlic is said to be a sovereign remedy for gout. There is no remedy for garlic.

"I fear that you do not quite apprehend me," as the jail bird said to his baffled pursuers.

"He is well fixed," said one young man of another; "he has no need of deaths in the family."

"If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!" said an Irish clergyman.

Many a boy who handles a billiard-cue with consummate skill can't get the hang of a snow-shovel.

A music-seller announces in his window a sentimental song: "Thou hast loved and left me" for ten cents.

The days have come when the one thing harder than getting into bed at night is getting out in the morning.

One reason why we accomplish so little in this world is because so much time is lost in hunting collar buttons of a morning.

A scientific man has discovered that blue stockings contain poison. People cannot be too careful about what they eat now-a-days.

A Michigan farmer supplied himself with six dogs, to keep the place clear of tramps, and then found that the dogs ate as much as ten tramps.

"I think," said a gentleman to his footman, "I have been a moderate good master to you, John." "Very moderate, sir," said John.

An illiterate dealer wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote as follows to the secretary of the society: "Enter me also for a jackass," and he took the prize.

A newspaper in the inside coat-pocket lately, saved a man's life from an assassin's bullet. The time is not far distant when it will be suicidal for a man not to take a paper. Now is the time to subscribe.

"Marm, will ye darn a hole in my arm?" yelled a youth, as he rescued the garment to her; when she drew in her yarn and cried out in alarm, "G'lang, I'm busy on slippers for the preacher."

Nothing will reassure a man quicker when he meets a suspicious-looking stranger in a lonely street, and sees him reaching for his pistol-pocket than to see him pull out a plug tobacco instead.

Every man should have a home. He feels better for knowing there is something he has a claim to, and patriotism is born at home. No man was ever patriotic enough to shoulder a musket in defence of his boarding house.

Suspicion dwells innate in every human breast. Even the word of George Washington would be doubted if he attempted to account for a black eye by stating that a stick of kindling wood flew up and hit him.

When a man dies suddenly, "without the aid of a physician," as an Irishman once said, the Coroner must be called in. If the man dies regularly, after being treated by a doctor, everybody knows why he died and the Coroner's inquest is not necessary.

The eighth wonder of the world is that a fellow will chew dog-leg pretzels three weeks old with great gusto in a beer saloon, but will go home and kick the table over and spit soapsuds for an hour if the sponge cake happens to be a little dry on one side.

A rapid and emphatic recital of the following simple narrative is given as an infallible cure for lisping: Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs' fobs. "This is," says Nobbs, "the worst of Hobbs' jobs;" and Snobbs sobs.

The average man will sit passive in a barber's chair, and unmurmuringly submit to having his countenance veneered with soapsuds and thumped with a wad of hog bristles; but if his wife should accidentally spatter him with a dish cloth, all the recording angels in the land couldn't do justice to his remarks.

The price of a wife among the Sioux Indians is twenty ponies. And when the young brave has won the girl and got her father's consent at ruling rates, and the only thing that remains is to plank down the ponies, he sits down and sometimes occupies a whole night thinking whether he had better steal the ponies from his own father or the girl's. He generally steals them from his prospective father-in-law.

A teacher was practicing her youthful class in original composition, and gave one pupil the subject "Boy" to write upon. The subject was to be treated of in three parts—First, What is it? Second, What is its use? Third, What is it made of? The boy wrestled hard for a few moments in desperate perplexity, and then wandered up to the teacher's desk, radiant with enthusiasm, and submitted the following: "A boy is an animal; his use is to carry in wood; he is made of bones."

A near-sighted man went wandering around among his currant bushes, and stooped down and pulled a wasps' nest up by the roots to see what it was. He didn't get it anywhere near the focus of his eyes before he had an idea that it was a flat iron some of the women had set out to cool; then he thought it might be a concentrated case of prickly heat; and then it dawned upon him that he had picked up a raw thunderbolt, and finally his heart went clear down into his boots as he realized that he had got hold of the dangerous end of an explosion and pulled it off.

TO AFFORD IMMEDIATE RELIEF in Asthma, try Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which acts promptly by overcoming the spasmodic contraction of the wind-tubes, and by causing the ejection of the mucus which clogs them. For Whooping Cough, Croup and Hoarseness, this medicine is equally beneficial; while for all Pulmonary and Bronchial Disorders, it is both a palliative and a curative, and a sure and prompt remedy for all stubborn coughs and colds.

OPPORTUNITY.

BY T. O. L.

In harvest-time, when fields and woods
Outdazzle sunset's glow,
And scythes clang music through the land,
It is too late to sow.
Too late! too late!
It is too late to sow.

In wintry days, when weary Earth
Lies cold in pulseless sleep,
With not a blossom on her shroud,
It is too late to reap.
Too late! too late!
It is too late to reap.

When blue-eyed violets are astir,
And new born grasses creep,
And young birds chirp, then sow betimes,
And thou betimes shalt reap.
Then sow! then sow!
And thou betimes shalt reap.

DROLL REASONING.

WHEN railways were projected about half a century ago, all sorts of whimsical reasons were given why they should not be tolerated. They would seriously lessen the number of horses: the noise made by the trains would so greatly terrify sheep and cattle in the adjacent fields as to lessen the breeding of these animals, and enhance the price of butcher meat; they would ruin small towns: country gentlemen would have their peace awfully invaded, and their estates would be next to worthless. How such fears apprehended by small minded persons have been signally falsified, matters having turned out just the contrary! Still it is true that even so late as 1871 a Frenchman petitioned the Legislature there to refuse its sanction to the construction of any more railways, because the smoke from the engines killed the roses, and neutralized the perfume of the acacia and jasmine.

The opposition to railways, however, was matched by the opposition to the use of carriages a hundred years earlier. The luxurious indulgence of keeping a coach was inveighed against as being destructive of good housekeeping and conducive to all manner of evil; and especially to be reprobated by reason of the new vehicles shattering the casements of the houses they lumbered by, and making such a confused noise that dwellers therein could neither sleep, speak, hear, write, or eat their meals in comfort; to say nothing of their propensity for toppling their occupants down hill and over the bridges, breaking arms and legs, and running over the old, the young, and the crippled.

In almost all juries one or two persons take a pleasure in seeing things quite differently from the others, and are a great plague at arriving at a unanimous verdict. Such cross-grained individuals usually hit upon some small point on which they say they are not clear, and appear to be incapable of judging from the leading and really important facts in the evidence. People of this obstinately eccentric nature are often seen to explain events by far-fetched causes, instead of by the plainest deduction of common sense.

But reasoners of this sort are common everywhere. The fetich priests of the Gold Coast looked upon the small pox as the outcome of the people persisting in cracking palm nuts in order to extract oil from the kernels; as some folk in England believed the cholera was invited there by the issue of a certain coin; and the old Scotswoman insisted that the grouse disease was heaven's retribution on the lords for letting their moors to England.

An inconsequent reason has the advantage of being unanswerable. The lady who preferred sculpture to painting because it took a better polish; the old captain, certain of experiencing nasty weather because one of his male passengers parted his hair in the middle; and the stage carpenter who declared they might talk of Henderson, Kemble, and Kean, but give him Bannister as Hamlet, "he was always done twenty minutes sooner than any of 'em," as effectually precluded contradiction as the Detroit buttterman who, upon a fair customer inquiring how he could have the conscience to charge her thirty-two cents a pound for butter, replied: "Well, ma'am, you see the grocers can't carry much of a reserve, and we can't turn our collaterals at a sacrifice; if the government calls in the bonds due this year, and the imports of bullion tend to ease the money market, butter must find its level, like everything else. It is very panicky just now, but I think the worst is over." The lady was satisfied.

That is more than could be said of Captain Speke, whose complaint that his servants were charged more for tobacco than any one else, was met with the remark that his friend was a big man, and therefore ought to pay a big price.

"How is it," asked an Eastern traveller of his servant, "that you, a Christian, lie to me, and rob me on every occasion, while my Turkish servants neither lie nor steal?" "It is probably because their religion does not permit them those advantages," was the prompt reply of the unabashed rascal.

Men, and women too for that matter, never want for reasons, more or less excellent, for perpetrating matrimony when they have a mind that way. But of all reasons ever given for entering the holy state the oddest is that of one who thus airs his particular grievance in the columns of an English country paper: "My first wife," says he, "was a worthy member of the Church of England; she died, and was buried in the consecrated portion of our public cemetery. My equally worthy second wife was a Roman Catholic; and of course I laid her remains in the Roman Catholic portion. I am neither a Churchman nor a Romanist, yet I would like to lie in the grave with my first or second wife; but our local authorities say no, unless I agree to the religious ceremony. Must I buy a third grave, and lie buried alone in a cemetery where I have already purchased two graves, and in which are my two deceased wives? I would be thankful for a silent burial in either of my wives' graves. If there is no relief, I must marry a Dissenter, and then in our deaths we shall not be divided."

A member opposed the Peace Preservation Act of 1875 on the ground that it encouraged murder, by granting compensation to the relatives of the murdered. Not much better at argument was the Scotch gentleman advocating the abolition of marriage by banns because the practice prevented people marrying; and proved his case by telling of a couple dispensing with all ceremony because the man could not raise sufficient cash to pay the fees and give the usual entertainment. That the impecunious pair might have foregone the usual entertainment instead of the marriage ceremony seems not to have entered his head. He proved too much; like the Brooklyn boy who inveigled another to go fishing, and then sent a letter to the schoolmistress as coming from the truant's mother, running: "Miss Day—Pleas excuse Sam as he has a stummick cake, thought I would keep him home to mind his little sister who is awful sick with the kolera infanticide, and he has to talk her to the dokter to be vaxinated, besides I don't feel quite well myself, I hardly kno what ails me 'cept its worrit about Sam who says he has a awful pane."

When the good people of Stickville proposed to raise their minister's salary, the honest man would not listen to the proposition, saying: "First, you can't afford it, nohow you can fix it, and I know it. Secondly, I ain't worth it, and you know it. Thirdly, I am nearly tired to death collecting my present income; and if I have to dun the same way for that, it will kill me"—silencing his would-be benefactors as effectually as the Icelander silenced an inquisitive traveller, who not satisfied with the information that there were no carriages there because there were no roads, asked why they had no roads. "Because," replied the badgered man, "we have no carriages."

The Icelander would have held his own with the lady clerks of the Treasury, whom General Spinner declared to be ten times as acute in detecting bad notes as the male clerks. "A man," said he, "always has a reason, forty maybe, for pronouncing a note bad, and is wrong half the time. A woman is always right, but never has a reason for it. She says it is counterfeit because it is counterfeit; and couldn't tell how she knows it, if she were to be hanged for it."

Popular Medicine in Germany.

THE lower classes of Germans, especially the country people, have a medical science of their own, a strange arbitrary pharmacy—unacknowledged by any professional doctor—in the healing power of which they place the greatest faith. This popular science touches but a few maladies, such as fever, consumption, epilepsy, all rheumatic complaints, headache, asthma, &c., which, as well as all kinds of sores, are generally ascribed to witchcraft or some other supernatural power. In consequence of this common belief, the wise men—in most cases the shepherd or the headsman—and old women who are supposed to possess the requisite skill, apply remedies chiefly composed of herbs grown in their own meadows; but each dose is accompanied by some mysterious formula, strange gestures, and words totally unintelligible.

But it is not the pronounced malady alone which is combated by these strange practitioners; they even pretend to be able to keep away illness from those whom their skill protects, who follow the rules they dictate, and—this may be the chief condition—who believe in their protecting powers.

The directions prescribed as preventives against all sorts of witchcraft vary in different parts of Germany, and are generally limited to certain provinces. Thus, in Silesia, people carefully avoid swallowing a cat's hair or a fragment of thread, as this imprudence would certainly cause consumption. In the Tyrol, eating a sparrow is supposed to bring about St. Vitus's dance; and in Hesse, spitting into the fire will make the culprit's mouth sore, a belief which is probably a remnant of the time when fire was considered sacred. In Saxony, nobody ventures to wipe their fingers on the tablecloth, lest their hands become covered with warts. Throughout Germany, brooms play a large part in the tragi-comedy of popular medicine, since they are the witches' favorite means of conveyance to their nightly feast at the Blocksberg. In Westphalia—that lumber-room of superstition—and Saxony, the unfortunate mortals who happen to have been beaten with a broomstick, firmly believe themselves doomed to die of consumption; and small children who have been chastised by means of a hazel or willow rod, are supposed either to be crippled or stunted in their growth.

Another strange notion prevailing throughout Germany is that no one should boast of good health, at least not without spreading out the fore and middle fingers of both hands, and saying a word equivalent to "unbewitched."

Many of these preventives are closely connected with church holidays and other religious concerns. Thus, bathing in the open air on Good Friday or at Easter is supposed to keep the Silesians well and healthy the whole year; and in Saxony, the common preservative against ague is to eat nine different kinds of green vegetables mixed together on Maundy-Thursday. In many parts of the German empire it is a custom to take a cold bath on Christmas night, for during the following Twelfth-night the water is believed to possess magic powers. In Brandenburg, the old believers in these wonderful doctrines say that every illness becomes contagious to those who hear the sick person complaining about the disease; wherefore the individual thus addressed will most ungraciously retort:

Bear thy pains alone,
Or bewail them to a stone.

Three crosses painted over the house door keep diseases and all other domestic divastors off the houses of true believers; or the *pentalpha*, commonly called wizard-foot, may be substituted. This pentalpha consists of two triangles united in a manner to form a five-pointed star. It is strange to observe how in the above-mentioned customs Christian and heathenish elements are commingled.

Some other usages are of a droll character, as kissing a donkey, which remedy is prescribed for toothache. Shutting up a spider in a nutshell and wearing it round the throat, will cure persons afflicted with sore eyes; and those who suffer from jaundice are enjoined merely to look intently into a barrel of tar if they wish to get rid of their complaint. Gout is annihilated by potatoes—simple raw potatoes—which, however, must needs have been the produce of a begging expedition, and must be carried about suspended from the invalid's body until they are quite shrivelled and dried up.

A special chapter might be devoted to the supernatural healing powers attributed to the corpse or the separate parts of the body of a dead person, especially of one executed by the hand of justice; or if any person who may have died suddenly, self-destroyers excepted; but the subject is too disagreable to dwell on. We will merely mention that in Germany a coffin nail serves as a remedy against gout, spasms and other complaints. Epileptic persons are recommended to wear rings made of coffin nails; and strange to say, we have known even highly educated persons believe that this nostrum could rid them of their terrible complaint. As regards the practitioners of this mysterious science, we find that they are authoritative powers in their rural domains, and are regarded by their patients with awe and reverence as great as the Red Indians bestow upon their medicine-men, who, in fact, influence their savage followers much in the same way and by the same means as the practitioners of popular medicine in Germany.

Mother of pearl buttons in tints of rose, green, blue, smoke, and opaline effects are much used on dressy street suits of silk and camel's hair, or cashmere.

Scientific and Useful.

FINGER MARKS.—For washing finger marks from looking-glasses or windows, put a few drops of ammonia on a moist rag, and make quick work of it.

TO PREVENT RUST.—If rusty iron is rubbed with boiled oil, in which some red lead has been mixed, on a warm day, the rusty process will be arrested.

STAMMERING.—Impediments in the speech may be cured where there is no malformation of the organs of articulation, by perseverance for three or four months in the simple remedy of reading aloud, with the teeth closed, for at least two hours in the course of each day.

THE CASTOR OIL PLANT.—It is singular that the oil expressed from the seeds of the castor-oil plant should have been used by the ancients, including the Jews, as one of their pleasantest oils for burning, and for several domestic uses, though its medicinal virtues were unknown. Many of the modern Jews use this oil for their Sabbath lamps, it being one of the five kinds of oil their traditions allow them to burn on such occasions.

RENDERING WOOD UNINFLAMMABLE.—A late fire at the English Pantechnicon, London, gives interest to any invention having for its object the prevention of similar disasters. Experiments were recently made at Woolwich to test a new process for rendering wood uninflammable, and the tests, though very thorough, were all successful. The details have not yet been made public.

IMPURITIES IN WATER.—A scientific contemporary states that in a drop of water obtained from a single snowflake, and magnified five hundred times, were found pieces of coal, fragments of cloth, grains of starch, sandy matter, and an immense variety of other substances, not a fragment of which exceeded in diameter the three thousandth part of an inch.

MINERAL IVORY.—A Frenchman has recently invented a substitute for horn and ivory, which he calls mineralivory. It can be made to take various colors, especially dark hues. By pressing the warm mass into forms, various useful articles, such as umbrella and cane handles, door knobs, ink-stands and penholders, buttons, etc., may, it is said, be produced.

THE COLOR OF CLOTHES.—The color of clothes is not a matter of indifference. White and light-colored clothes reflect the heat, whilst black and dark colored materials absorb the heat; hence it is that in summer we wear light-colored dresses. But, after all, light colors are really best at all seasons; for, though black and dark substances absorb heat best, they also radiate or give it off soonest. There is no doubt that white clothing retains the heat of the body longer than dark clothing.

TO MAKE CORKS AIR-TIGHT AND WATER-TIGHT.—A German chemical journal commends the paraffine as the best method of making porous corks gas tight and water-tight. Allow the corks to remain for about five minutes beneath the surface of melted paraffine in a suitable vessel, the corks being held down either by a perforated lid, wire screen, or similar device. Corks thus prepared, the writer says, can be easily cut and bored, have a perfectly smooth exterior, may be introduced and removed from the neck of a flask with ease, and make a perfect seal.

A GOOD GLUE.—A Turkish recipe for a cement which is said to strongly unite even surfaces of polished steel, although exposed to moisture, is as follows: Dissolve five or six bits of gum mastic, each of the size of a large pea, in as much spirits of wine as will suffice to render it liquid. In another vessel dissolve in brandy as much isinglass, previously softened in water, as will take a two ounce phial of strong glue, adding two bits of gum ammoniac, which must be rubbed until dissolved. Then mix the whole with heat. Keep in a phial closely stopped. When it is to be used, set the phial in boiling water.

New Publications.

The well-known piano and organ manufacturer, Daniel T. Beatty, has recently come before the public quite successfully as the writer of a very attractive little book, commemorative of his travels abroad during the summer. Although absent but a few months, Mr. Beatty utilized his time admirably, and managed to see everything as thoroughly as others have done in double the time, and his book shows a keenness of observation and appreciation of everything, which he has told in a pleasing, unaffected style, combined with graphic descriptions. The book is tastefully gotten up and profusely illustrated, and reflects very creditably on the versatile ability of the writer.

"As It May Happen," just published by Porter & Coates, fully realizes its title, and is purely an American novel, for it deals entirely with American scenes and characters. The plot is very skilfully planned and ingeniously carried out with such dramatic effect as to give each succeeding chapter an increasing interest to the reader. The opening chapters introduce the readers to a small Pennsylvania village, where most of the plot is laid. A mysterious recluse with a lovely daughter, and a dog whose sagacity and fidelity found prominent points of interest in the story. A rich, miserly farmer, and strongly individualized members of his family. An odd genius of a bar-tender in the village hotel and an adroit plausible villian are among the prominent characters which the story is woven. Combined with such a variety of incidents and marked individuality of character as will give it decided popularity with the admirer of fiction. The publishers have issued it in a very attractive style of binding and typography.

Canned fishballs are now being put up by a Massachusetts firm, which employs 250 men, besides 60 tinsmiths. Extra fine codfish, the best of Nova Scotia potatoes, and prime New York butter are employed, and a very large business is done, constantly increasing orders coming in from all parts of the world, even from China and Turkey.

There are signs that the rigidity of the Free Church of Scotland is being relaxed. Christmas services and stained glass windows are among the innovations which are tolerated, and even instrumental music is being introduced without great outcry. A Presbytery recently passed over a complaint of introducing instrumental music in one of its churches by saying, in mild words, that such an innovation is to be regretted.

Farm and Garden.

AXLE GREASE.—One pint castor oil, the same of grass-fed beef tallow, and one pound of resin. Put into a small kettle together, stir over a fire until the resin is thoroughly dissolved.

BUTTER TUBS.—Spruce butter-tubs are the best; white hemlocks make a sweet tub; acids from the oak color the butter and injure its appearance; white ash gives the butter a strong flavor, if kept long, and increases liability to mold; maple smells and cracks badly. Soak all tubs four to six days in brine before using.

TREATMENT OF STOCK.—Farmers now have time to "get acquainted with their stock" and if they are wise they will improve the opportunity. In training young cattle, especially, gentleness, familiarity, and patience will go a deal further than any of the old "breaking" expedients. Coax them with a bit bit of food; currycomb and handle them; give them time to learn your wishes. Kindness is not only a duty—it pays!

ROOTS FOR FOOD.—The feeding of roots to stock should not be carried so far as to make them take the place of grain with animals that it is desired to fatten or even to keep in good flesh. Variety is as beneficial in the diet of stock as of stock-owners; and vegetables—especially if cooked—have a place on the farm yard bill of fare that no wise stock-grower will forget. But "a little more meal" is a good standing order to give to those who have the feeding in charge.

BEE KEEPING.—The keeping of bees is a pleasant as well as a profitable business. Farmers cultivate the land upon which grow all the sweet flowers—white clover, buckwheat, etc. They also have, or ought to have, a workshop in which they or their helpers can, in the winter season when there is little to do, make the boxes and have all ready for the swarming season, and when the honey making and swarming season comes it will be a pleasure for some one in the family to take the bees in charge and look a little after their into rest, morning and evening, and in the main lose no time at all, but in the fall reap a bountiful supply of honey upon which to feast during the year.

FIREWOOD FOR THE FARM.—Farmers have plenty of alders growing around the edges of meadows and in swamps that are worthless so far as any profit on their growth is concerned, and that ought to be cut away. Now that the ground is frozen and firm they can be got at more readily than at any other season of the year. Many pastures are suffering also from the encroachment of alders and other shrubs. Now, would it not be worth while, slow and tedious as it is, to sweep off these shrubs and chop them up into kindling wood? For a light kitchen fire in summer they serve a very good purpose, and as a kindling wood at any season of the year, when cut short and fine and dried, they are very handy.

CHEAP ICE HOUSE.—A farmer who has no vacant shed in which to store ice, or much money to waste on this luxury, should build a rude structure, in some convenient but not prominent place, twelve feet square on the ground, with posts ten feet high, double-boarding it, and filling in between the boards with saw dust. The roof may be boarded or not, as may be pleased. If the former, the cracks should be battened. The ground should also be covered with sawdust to the depth of six inches, to prevent the heat of the earth from melting the ice. Such a structure will hold a little over thirty tons of ice—more than enough for an ordinary family, and giving a good margin for the accommodation of neighbors.

SPIDERS IN BARNS.—All farmers know that spiders are of great benefit in cow-sheds and stables by destroying hosts of insects which annoy the cattle. On the other hand, the cobwebs, when they accumulate, appear untidy and unclean. Should they be kept away? In this case, as in many others, a middle course will be found the safest and wisest. A compromise must be effected, and the natural habits of the spider make it easy to decide what this should be. His own love of cleanliness is such that when once his web gets dirty or dusty he will forsake it and spin himself another home, so that long standing accumulation may be safely carried away without fear of disturbing him.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

We ask a careful reading and a thoughtful consideration of what follows. It is now over twelve years since a new cure for chronic diseases was discovered, known as "COMPOUND OXYGEN." The results which have followed its use up to this time have been so remarkable that it is beginning to attract the widest attention. Many intelligent physicians in various parts of the country have, after a careful investigation of its scientific and pathological claims, used it in cases where all other known remedies have failed, and with a success alike surprising to themselves and their patients. In Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Headache, Dyspepsia, and the wide range of Neuralgic disorders from which so many suffer lifelong tortures, it has rarely failed to give relief, and in many cases to make permanent cures. It is not a drug, but a new combination of the two elements which make up our common air, giving oxygen in excess. It is taken by inhalation, and cures by natural and orderly processes—first, by eliminating the excess of carbon, which has accumulated in the system; and secondly, by a revitalization of all the great nervous centres. In order to give the public an opportunity to learn all about this new treatment, we have prepared a carefully written Treatise, in which is presented a history of the discovery of "Compound Oxygen," a statement of the Scientific Basis and mode of Action, and large details of the results which have followed its administration. This is sent free by mail to any one who may desire to receive it. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Few Baptisms

of the complexion with LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH relieve it of sallowness, roughness, pimples, exfoliations, and every other superficial defect, satin is not more lustrous, nor the plumage of the swan softer than the skin that has experienced the action of this incomparable preparation, which, being prepared from materials that cannot possibly injure, but on the contrary are highly beneficial, may be used without apprehension.

News Notes.

Beaver fur is very popular.

The high Spanish comb is worn.

Fitch and stone marten furs are revived.

The Earl of Beaconsfield is 73 years of age.

Davenport, Iowa, shipped 56,000 bushels of onions last year.

The newest fans are of fine wire, delicately painted by hand.

Colorado is to import the Thibet goat to roam among the hills.

Gladstone gets $50 a page for the *Nineteenth Century* articles.

Jerusalem is adding 1,500 to its Jewish population every year.

Fans are worn to match the brocade of a dinner or soiree toilette.

In Washington the old heel-and-toe polka is superceding the waltz.

Phonography is to be taught hereafter in the schools of Muncie, Ind.

Memphis people use large quantities of oleomargarine for butter.

Pelerines, colliarettes, and echarpes of fur are taking the place of boas.

The Pueblo Indians, of New Mexico, speak seven different languages.

Patti has a house in Wales, near the sporting estate of the Prince of Wales.

Breakfast caps, jabots, fichus, and collarettes of Breton lace are all the rage.

Strafford, N. H., has 2 000 people, and thirty-nine are more than 80 years old.

New Yorkers who are summer residents in Newport pay taxes on $10,000.000 there.

A Montana Indian shot and killed the surgeon who was setting his leg, because it hurt him.

England is said to have bought 100,000 copies of a defamatory biography of Beaconsfield.

A Sacramento woman has a land turtle for a pet, and has carved and polished its shell.

California has a profitable and growing cheese trade with Chiea, Australia, and South America.

A Lincoln, Neb. physician claims that the excessive use of the potato is provocative of diphtheria.

Seven of the ten children of Mr. Charles Morse, of Plainfield, Vt., died in two weeks of diphtheria.

"Old Pomp," a horse owned by Seth S. Collins, of Columbia, Conn., has just died at the age of 44 years.

A great deal of mistletoe was brought to New York from England about Christmas time, and sold at high prices.

In the offices of the Department of the Interior of Washington there are ninety-six clocks, 657 spittoons, and 511 washstands.

A blind man has had his eyesight restored by the shock of pouring ice-water on his head from a pitcher held some feet above him.

An Indian brought twenty skunks into Webster City, Iowa, the other day, but not for sale. The fine fat skunk is his dainty meat.

A memorial service in honor of Bayard Taylor was held in Boston on the 10th of this month, at which many distinguished persons were present.

A great many Indians in Utah have laid aside their blankets, put on the dress of civilization, and gone to work with shovels on the railroad.

Vera Sassulitch, who shot the St. Petersburg Chief of Police, is about to marry a political refugee in London and rear a family of incendiaries.

They have a kleptomaniac in Bradford, in the person of a young lady whose father is worth $500,000. She will steal whenever she gets a chance.

A daughter of Governor Hampton is expected to create quite a sensation in Washington after the first of the year. She is said to be very beautiful.

The Mayor of Norfolk, Va., will hereafter impose a fine of $50 upon every person found carrying a razor, the measure being intended to affect colored men.

Scarlet fever is causing great suffering and alarm in New York, and the Board of Health is compelled to admit that the disease is steadily on the increase.

During a Methodist revival at Dunlap, Ia., a milkman was converted, and in his enthusiasm confessed that he had for a long time past been selling watered milk.

The established Church of England is solemnizing fewer marriages than it used to do: and the marriages before the civil magistrates are proportionately increasing.

Moncasi paid the penalty of his life for his attempt to kill the King of Spain, as all efforts to have the judgment set aside by an exercise of Executive clemency ended in failure.

General Tom Thumb is forty-one years of age. He has a heavy moustache and chin whisker, and has somewhat the appearance of the typical San Francisco speculator—except, of course, in size.

A Chicago paper publishes weekly all marriage licenses, with the ages of both the male and female applicants. This is not looked upon with favor by the parties principally interested.

Diphtheria has for two years raged in some districts of Hungary. In one town 1,135 persons out of 20,000 have lately been attacked, and 927 have died. The malady also prevails in Vienna.

Ah Say, a Chinaman, who for several years has controlled Chinese labor on the Union Pacific Railroad, is a millionaire, and married a Tartar woman, the Tartars being a menial race in China.

Texas has 1,700 convicts, of whom some 600 are kept in prison, and the rest are hired out to work on railroads and farms. One, undergoing a life sentence, is hired by his wife, and lives comfortably at home.

The Emperor of Austria is master of six European languages, and wins the hearts of his subjects by addressing deputations from Hungary, Bohemia, Austrian Poland and Croatia, each in their mother tongue.

A favorite way of using Breton lace is to make breakfast caps of it. These have usually a foundation of colored silk or satin, making a turban-shaped crown, which is simply covered over with the lace finely pleated.

At an entertainment on New Year's night at the City Hall, Barnesville, Ohio, called the "Feast of Nondamin," upwards of 150 persons were taken violently ill, some miscreant having mixed Croton oil with the food.

When General Grant visited Alfonso in Spain, the latter, in speaking of the death of his wife, said his marriage had been one of love, not of policy. He had been engaged to his wife almost from childhood—for five years at least.

A leader of fashion in San Francisco has had her chairs and sofas, and the cushions of her carriages stuffed with aromatic herbs in imitation of a practice prevalent among Oriental nations. She lives in an atmosphere of constant perfume.

The newest cut for toilettes of brocade for dinner or soiree is a bodice with pointed front and back basque; it is opened heart-shape on the breast; short elbow sleeves with lace ruff. The front width of the skirt is en tablier and the train square.

General Grant was presented the freedom of the city of Dublin by the Mayor of that city. Large crowds gathered at the City Hall, and his reception was most cordial. A banquet in honor of the General was attended by two hundred guests.

More than ten thousand dollars were obtained at a recent sale of prints in London. It is said on good authority that the present commercial depression has not diminished the market value of fine prints, and that these are in demand in every capital of Europe.

The Egyptian correspondent of the London Standard reports a retrenchment in the Khedive's harem. Some twenty or thirty women have been sent off lately. Ladies thus discarded receive a dot of from $500 to $5,000, and with this can find husbands, especially among Government clerks.

There are forty-five farmers, twenty-eight merchants, nineteen lawyers, and twelve manufacturers in the Maine Legislature. As regards religious denominations there are twenty eight Congregationalists, twenty-eight Universalists, and thirteen Methodists, while twenty have no religious preferences.

A marriage took place at Burkville, in which the groom, was Colonel Foster, aged seventy-two, and the bride a Miss Cumings, but three years his junior. They had been affianced since youth, but as the lady insisted on a gift of $30,000 from the Colonel on her wedding day, the event was postponed until the lady compromised.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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FASHION NOTES.

THE facility we have of forgetting the styles of dress, which have pleased us at various periods, is illustrated by our eagerness to adopt them again, as something new and fresh, when Fashion's caprice reproduces them with all the couleur de rose charms of novelty, and while much credit is due to that ingenuity which can so deftly conceal the lack of originality in its various conceptions, we can attribute its success mostly to the fact that we have forgotten it had reigned as a favorite with us years ago.

The same style of materials which made the elegant toilettes of the fair votaries of Fashion a few generation back, the richly tinted brocade, satins, moires, and profusion of old lace and embroideries which delighted and adorned the great grandmothers, or even grandmothers, of the present generation, again appeal to the love of "the beautiful in dress," which always exists in woman's heart, and we can only deplore the fact that no ingenious change or addition to the vocabulary has supplied us with new words and phrases with which to express our admiration in other ways than the one so long familiar to us.

It is the violent extremes which certain fashions assume in their popularity that soon sign their downfall and banishment, and to be redeemed from the penalty which such folly entails, Fashion seeks the other extreme, and soon gathers her many votaries to sustain her new position in public opinion.

Just now the question of crinoline is agitating the fashionable world, and shows the inevitable reaction which follows an extreme altitude attained by its antagonist, the "close sheath-like" style which fills the popular place held by crinoline but ten years ago.

It has already established itself as an essential part of one of the many charming toilettes which are accepted as the guiding styles of the day, and its future will probably only depend on its avoiding the extremes which marked its downfall before. But who can predict the caprices which Fashion may introduce, for the things which now appear only ludicrous and ungraceful, may be the ones we will willingly adopt for our next fancy.

Both society and fashion are en fete now, and their thoughts are centred more on the costumes which will meet the many demands of the winter's festivities than those for quieter scenes.

Let me describe a ball toilette which was considered to be of supreme elegance. The front, which was composed of old gold tulle, was cut en princesse, trimmed at the bottom with three narrow box pleatings, the upper one having a heading of flowers, buttercups, and leaves; the tulle arranged above in full tablier drapery. A square court train of dark blue and gold brocade, edged at the bottom and side with triple satin pleatings, extending on the sides only as far as the skirt, where a garland of buttercups and leaves continue up to the corsage, which is brocade cut square in the neck, with two points on the hips, and opening in front, showing the tulle, which is perfectly plain, over satin of the same shade. A double pleating of old lace trims the neck of the corsage, and a small bouquet of buttercups and leaves is fastened on the right side.

A lovely ball dress of more simple materials may be made of soft white barege over white silk. The train skirt is trimmed around the bottom with a flounce composed of groups of three pleats; a space between each group is headed by loops of pink satin ribbon. The tunic is arranged in front with groups of three pleats, caught together half way down by a bow of pink satin ribbon. The barege is pulled in the spaces between the groups of pleats, and forms a puff all the way down to the bottom of the tablier, where it is finished by a narrow pleating. The back is gracefully draped with loops and ends of satin ribbon. The basque bodice is cut square back and front, but high on the shoulders, opening in front over a plastron composed of two puffings of the barege; a triple pleat of the barege extends up each side and over the shoulders down the back like bretelles; a pink satin belt and gilt buckle ornament the waist; the sleeves are short and trimmed with a narrow pleating.

A very distingue costume, suitable for a dinner or reception, is composed of black satin, open from neck to foot over a plastron of black satin and velvet pekin. On each side of this plastron is a row of large jet passementerie buttons. The bottom of the dress is trimmed with a very wide ruching, in the centre of which is a thick cord of the pekin. At the back the train is looped up into two puffs, one on each side, and under these puffs is a sash of pekin; and there is a square collar of the same round the neck.

Pekin is as much employed for the elegant at-home negligee toilette as for dressy costumes. The shape is a loose princesse, and trimmed, the neck and down the front with a wide ruching to match the shade of one of the stripes, if they are in two colors. The front is quite plain, but the back, which forms a demi-train, is trimmed with a deep flounce, reaching midway up the skirt and gathered together by a wide sash to match the ruching.

The real dressing gown is more loose in shape, and may be made of some pretty shade of cashmere or flannel. The Watteau pleat is made in the back, a box-pleated flounce trims the skirt, and a narrow frill of ribbon may be added on its hem. Around the neck and down the front is a cascade or jabot of écru lace, with bows of ribbon between the folds of lace. The sleeves are trimmed with lace and bows of ribbon. The cashmere material, which is more elegant, is trimmed on the demi-trained skirt with three narrow frills of silk, edged with embroidery or lace. A loose waistcoat of silk is worn with this, and over the waistcoat a loose jacket of cashmere, trimmed around with two rows of silk frills, with an embroidered or lace heading. At the neck and at the back of the sleeves are bows of ribbon. The waistcoat is buttoned up with steel or gilt buttons, while the jacket is only fastened at the neck with a bow, and falls open to show the waistcoat. The back of the skirt is tied midway with a silk sash.

Here is a house dress of striped garnet pekin. The skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce, wider and fuller at the back than in front. The front is trimmed down the sides and just above the flounce, with a frill of white lace forming an apron shape in front. In the back the flounce is headed by a rucking, and above the skirt is drawn into paniers by looping it up into puffs by a wide silk sash fastened at the sides under the lace. Down the front bows of lace and ribbon alternate. Tight sleeves, with frills of lace on the wrist. This dress is also princesse and tight to the figure.

While on the subject of house dresses I am reminded of the variety of charming fantasies in caps, which are so much in vogue now. In England the fancy runs to extremes, and all kinds of materials are used to produce the ingeniously twisted cap. That it is popular, one finds ample proof in all the pictures of English social life, in which the hostess, as well as lady guests, add to there ball or dinner or home costume some little cap fantasie for the head. The fashion has even found its patrons in this country, for some of them have been the crowning feature of some lovely toilettes, lately worn at the opera. Pieces of richly colored silk with gold threads interwoven in the colors are twisted into a most coquettish and becoming little turban, fastened on by curiously fashioned pins and gold ornaments. The mania for combining the picturesque with one's dress explains why we see so many headdresses on very youthful heads. Plain or striped materials of thick or thin texture, with gold and silver threads visible, and lace with ribbons are among the materials in favor for these head adornments, while for more simple styles there are three-cornered lace handkerchiefs laid in folds, and mingled with brocaded ribbons in narrow widths. Others are trimmed with a soft brochè silk scarf twisted, and an Alsatian bow in front of the silk. I must also mention that these Alsatian bows are worn on the head, and are very becoming when made of some pretty ribbon or velvet. They are composed of four loops of ribbon strapped across the centre, the loops which go towards the back are longer than the others which should stand up right on the middle of the top of the head. This reminds me that I must not omit a few hints on the subject of arranging the hair.

It must be confessed that one of the prevailing styles for the hair is just as full of exaggeration as the extremes of other modes for so many ladies with large features and scanty supply of hair, make their heads a strange burlesque on the much-quoted "Greek style." They brush back the hair, and fasten it up in a little tight knot on the back of the head, and utterly ignore the fact that even to the loveliest faces such styles have a harsh effect, but to those whom age has hardened the outlines of feature and taken away the fresh bloom of youth, there is no style which should be more avoided. The shape of the head and other characteristics should always be consulted. An appearance of elaboration should be avoided, and yet too much disorder is equally objectionable.

The rules for arranging the hair are of such variety that one can easily adopt the most becoming style, and yet be within the pale of fashion.

For evening or full dress, the most elaborate styles are now popular, among which are curls and loops of waved hair or braids, and soft, loose roll puffs, arranged in an intricate manner, with a jeweled ornament or small aigrette or feather, or flower on the side. For the house the hair is dressed high, showing the nape of the neck, but for the street there is a tendency to restore the two Chatelaine braids which used to be so popular, which will take the place of the single Cadogan braid so long worn. The Chatelaine braids are plaited in five strands instead of three. There is even a slight suggestion of a revival of the fine basket braids, but as it has not yet met with sufficient favor. We will only discuss the others which are arranged in two loops close to the contour of the head, and then carried upon top of the head, where they cross, so as to conceal the fastening. Crown braids or coronets are again popular, and are worn quite high by persons whose height will not crave the effect. A cluster of small curls are sometimes worn on the back of the head, with the coronet in front. Finger puffs are not so popular, the stiff angularity in which they so often appear, has destroyed this charm, although if arranged in long loose rolls, they have a soft, pretty effect which is becoming. The front hair is loosely waved and falls in a soft, fluffy bang over the forehead. If water waves are used they should be large, and few in number. The flat ring curls called "Montague locks," made with bandoline in a double row around the face, are also becoming and popular; they should be softened with the fingers after the rings are stiffened by the bandoline, and dried, so as to take away their harsh, stiff appearance. Long curls which fall on the shoulders at the side, or down the back, are out of favor entirely.

Our Fireside Chat.

I HAVE for the Fireside Chat some weeks ago some very useful hints on the various methods of patching and mending, which proved so acceptable to my readers I have had several requests to continue the subject in its relation to "joining," which is an important part of household mending and patching. In answer to these inquiries we will begin with the discussion of "joining," which in the alteration as well as the mending of garments is in constant requisition, hence a neat and imperceptible mode is invaluable for all kinds of needlework.

The well known herringboning is a most useful method of uniting two hemmed or stitched edges of flannel, list, or woven underclothing. It also replaces drawn-work insertion, in antimacassars composed of linen or embroidered strips, as well as in colored handkerchief borders, where it unites squares, etc., of lawn or cambric. The lacy stitch adds to the ornament of the handkerchief, besides suggesting a pretty way of using up scraps. When not utilized for the join itself, herringbone stitches are often made on the right side of the material to conceal the seam. These are sometimes caught down with stitches in a contrasting tint, and at others worked over a braid.

Fur Joining.—When a piece of fur has to be divided into narrower bands, say about four inches in width, no scissors must be used. To separate it, lay the fur lightly on the table, hair downwards, and with a ruler and red chalk pencil mark out the divisions boldly on the skin. Take a sharp-pointed penknife, or, still better, a chisel, and holding it quite perpendicularly, cut by the red chalk lines, resting the penknife against the ruler. In case of slips. Bear slightly when cutting, just enough to let the knife pierce quite through the pelt without touching the hairs. If this operation be successfully performed, the skin will separate into bands with smooth, even edges, and the fur remain untouched. Before joining, two things have to be considered—the right way of the fur, and its various shadings. Some specimens, such as the skunk, chinchilla, and squirrel, graduate very much in tint; therefore a little contrivance is required for the ends to match as nearly as possible, and not to place a dark hue close to a light one. If this, however, cannot be avoided, let it be done regularly, in order that the color shade off at equal distances and the fur has no patched-up appearance. With regard to the right way of the fur the joining offers no difficulty in straight bands, but calls for some management in corners, &c., especially when the pieces in hand, being already worn, have slits or shabby spots that need replacing. Now the fur is quite ready for joining. Take a fine needle and smooth cotton or silk, bring the two edges of the pelt together, and unite them by a flat sewing, pushing back meanwhile any stray hairs. Do not pull the cotton too tightly, for fear of spoiling the skin.

Transferring.—In applying gold or new wool work to satin, cloth, or velvet, cut about a quarter of an inch beyond the design, turn under the edge and tack firmly on the foundation. Conceal the join by a silk cord, chenille or rows of gold thread. Applique work suggests many good ways of utilizing ancient needlework, that has lasted intact long after the ground is threadbare. The embroidery is cut out with sharp scissors, and lightly tacked to a fresh foundation; then secured with a kind of running, taken invisibly—a buttonhole, cord on net, herringbone, or any stitch employed in applique. Washing fabrics obviously require the firmest sewing. By such means, the well-known Swiss muslin embroidery is transposed, and antiquated collars, handkerchiefs, &c., adapted to the reigning styles.

Canvas Joining.—Stripe of Berlin wool work frequently run too short for the purpose intended, and need joining to additional bands. To accomplish this neatly overlap the edges for about an inch, letting every bar lie exactly in a line with the one underneath. Tack them in place, and cover with cross-stitch in the groundwork color, drawing the wool rather tightly at the join, to keep the double thickness as flat as the rest of the work. In the same way squares for Berlin wool-carpets are united. Borders with a running or broken pattern are more easily connected, as the scroll, spray &c., merely requires matching; but with equi-distant medallions or geometrical figures the necessary space has often to be made up by letting in stripe of canvas. The same process can be applied to tapestry repairing, which now comes more within the sphere of ladies' work, thanks to the introduction of the faded tints, so much admired. Time-worn or worm-eaten spots are cut away, and a piece of new canvas basted outside the hole. Then, with the wool matching precisely each tint, the decayed part is copied in again, perhaps with the alteration of a stitch here or there, to make it meet unbrokenly the original work; if well done the replenishing cannot be detected. In woven tapestries the woof threads, after a lapse of years, give way, and countless slits make their appearance between the ribs. These may effectually be mended by drawing together the breaks, with crewels of the same color, fastening off on the wrong side by passing the needle in and out two or three tapestry threads. If extremely worn a good strengthening is a backing of stout crash.

Matting Seams.—These are made in the following manner: Bring the two edges together; take a straight stitch over both, pass the needle sidewise over one edge, and through the adjacent one. Thus the right side presents a row of slight sewing, the wrong a series of sloping stitches taking in one selvedge only.

Velvet Joining.—Faults or cuts, etc., in velvet and plush are concealed by very careful seaming on the wrong side. The needle enters half the thickness of the material, leaving no stitches visible on the upper surface, and the sewing is drawn till the edges just meet and no more. Care must be taken to work in all stray filaments that no fluffiness disturbs the smoothness of the pile. When finished make the seam still firmer by rows of darning, 4 or 5 stitches in height, and running parallel to the sewing; leave no loops, but pass a horizontal stitch from one darning line to the other. The above is also adapted to satin repairing, though on account of the close satiny surface, cannot be quite as satisfactorily made. Complete the mending by passing the wrong side of the fabric over a cool iron, the steam of which raises the pile.

Carpet Joining.—Felts and all light fabrics are simply seamed by flat sewing; but in Brussels, Wilton, and thick piles the joins to lie smooth are connected by passing the needle in and out first one edge and then the other. Should the seam not pull, dashing on a little water will rectify it. If in case of accidental burns, &c., the carpet has to be mended on the floor, the only available plan consists in placing on the patch, and securing both surfaces by darning. Repairing carpets when up gives the opportunity of strengthening patches, seams, &c., by felling stout webbing on the wrong side. When stair carpets require binding, the webbing matches the predominant color in the pattern.

Laced Joining consists in the uniting of torn edges of a slit accidentally made by a thorn, knife, or scissors. To execute the seam, trim the torn edges, and draw them together, holding the work between the thumb and fourth finger of the left hand. Imitate a kind of lacing thus: point the needle from the chest, and pass it under the right edge; turn the needle in the contrary direction, and slip it beneath the left edge, and so on.

Answers to Inquirers.

E. C. A. (Hicks, Mo.)—The firm you speak of is in every respect reliable.

FANNIE. (Platte, Col.)—It is pronounced Fenelon, the accent on the first syllable e.

BLACKHAWK. (Norfolk, Mass.)—By plaiting the hair at night it is rendered wavy or ripply.

T. B. J. (Pittsburg, Pa.)—A youth is free to quit his master on attaining twenty-one years of age.

M. (Tarrant, Tex.)—A ring may be worn on any finger. It is a simple matter of taste with every individual.

GRANTLEY. (Washington, D. C.)—Thomas Jefferson married the daughter of Mr. Wayles, an eminent lawyer of Virginia in 1772.

SAGE. (Madison, Va.)—Either party, when an engagement is mutually dissolved, may in all propriety ask for the return of letters.

A. P. (Lincoln, W. Va.)—The eyelashes are coming out because the skin is altogether in an unhealthy state, as is shown by the eruption on your face.

BUJOA. (Grass, Ind.)—The Isle of France is now called the Mauritius, and is on the east of the immense island of Madagascar on the sea route to India.

O. C. (GREENPOINT, Ala.)—The moderate use of tobacco is not likely perhaps to affect the growth but the excessive use of the herb most certainly would.

J. H. N. (Jones, Ga.)—Riddles are generally longer than conundrums. The former contains a mystery which is to be solved; the latter are generally a mere play on words.

RESUMPTION. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The first regular bank was established at Venice, in 1328. The bank of Genoa was established in 1667, that of Amsterdam in 1609, and England 1694.

PROSPECT. (New York, N. Y.)—The husband is the deceased wife's heir in preference to her father, and therefore becomes entitled to the money which she had placed in the savings' bank.

S. S. (Baltimore, Md.)—A person illegitimately born has no right to use the father's name, but the mother's. At the same time there is no law to prevent or punish the adoption of the former name.

GREEN. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—In 1552, during the reign of Edward VI., of England, books of astronomy and geometry were destroyed as being infected with magic. You can therefore judge for yourself.

MAMIE. (Henry, Ill.)—The young men of this day are as good as the young men of any past day, but, unless they are very foolish, they do not take for wives young women who offer themselves to them.

EDITH MARY. (Stark, Ohio.)—We do not recollect the date of the incident referred to. The meaning of the name Catherine (Greek in its origin) is pure; that of Alice (German) noble, and that of Sarah (Hebrew) a princess.

JOHN I. H. (Columbia, N. Y.)—If you have so many years of study ahead of you before you will be able to support a wife, it will be the part of wisdom for you to devote yourself to that study instead of trying to win a girl of sixteen, who is too young to know her own mind.

ICELOS. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—In 1856 it was very cold along the Atlantic coast, the mercury congealing in Maine, while in Georgia it was ten degrees below zero. The orange trees in Florida were killed, and all orchards, north and south, more or less harmed.

L. H. (Kandiyoh, Minn.)—We are not acquainted with any matrimonial institution that undertakes to provide wives for gentlemen or husbands for ladies. We should not recommend any person to apply to such an institution, even if there was one in existence. Surely you can look out amongst your female acquaintances.

BABY NELL. (Fairfield, Conn.)—Your friends should allow you some insight into household duties, for you are far too old to be considered as a child. Request them to allow you a fair trial of your ability, in which, if successful, you will gradually lose your childlike look. 2. Hair, dark brown.

ANONYMOUS. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Send an inquiry to Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. 2. You will find the preparation you speak of entirely satisfactory. 3. The same answer will apply to your next question. 4. The instrument is nothing more than a useful and entertaining toy, although in our judgment worth all that is asked for it.

INQUIRER. (Butler, Ala.)—We have never seen the article you refer to and consequently cannot sketch it accurately. From the description, however, it is a piece of machinery which keeps a register by the turning of a handle or pressing a spring. When a person takes a drink, the bartender is supposed to record it by the machine, which being opened at a set time will show the number of drinks, from which the state levies its tax.

D. D. (Southwark, Pa.)—You are acting with much indiscretion in attending places of public amusement unknown to your parents, and with a perfect stranger. If the young man's intentions be as he professes, honorable, why not avow his sentiments to your friends, and obtain their consent to you receiving his addresses? Young unmarried females cannot be too cautious, and duplicity towards parents seldom leads to good.

SUFFERER. (Cumberland, Tenn.)—It is not only indelicate, but outrageous, for your husband and the young lady to whom you refer to talk in your presence, as a matter of sport, about their intention to marry with one another in five years. Such conduct is inexcusable. No married man, nor young boy, of pure mind and heart, or even of common delicacy, would be guilty of such a gross offence against good manners and decency. Your self-accusations for feeling hurt by such conduct are unmerited. Considering the delicate state of our health, it is strange that you are able to bear up under such outrages even for a single day.

BOOKBINDER. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The form of ancient books differed with the materials from which they were composed. Tablets and leaves of metal and lead were of the same square form as our books today; when flexible materials like papyrus and parchment came into use, it was found convenient to make them in the form of rolls. The internal arrangement of books has undergone many modifications since the earliest times. At first there was no division of words, all the letters in the line running together. Gradually the separation took place, and by degrees, in the course of time, a work was broken up in sentences and paragraphs, and punctuated.

USHER. (Phœnixville, Pa.)—A person leaving a warm room and going into a colder, or into the open air, should carefully close the lips for a few minutes, until he has become, as it were, acclimated to the colder atmosphere, and breathe through the nostrils alone, by which the cold air is made to traverse the long, warm nasal passage before it reaches the windpipe and vocal organs; and its temperature being thus raised, one common mode of "catching cold" is avoided. Most persons upon leaving a warm church or hot concert room immediately open their mouths to discuss the merits of those they have just heard, and many a severe cold is taken. It is equally common, but still worse, for a public speaker to do so, for his throat is more heated from his secret assertions, and he may, and often does, become hoarse for a month by such apparently trifling neglect.

G. W. H. H. (Warren, Tenn.)—A person living in the year 50, would be living in the first hundred years or first century of the Christian era, consequently one living in 1878 is living in the nineteenth hundred years, or the nineteenth century. 2. The reason Mexican silver dollars are of less value, is due to the law that such coins are not legal tender under any circumstances. 3. We hardly understand your third question, but the publishers probably do not care to answer anonymous communications, the initials used coming under that head. 4. There are very few voices that have a clear range of over four to two and a half octaves, the former being the usual figure. Some phenomenal voices, however, have run up to three octaves and even higher. 5. In all our connections with them we have found them so.

VIOLET. (Jersey City, N. J.)—A "pet name" as you call it, should not be used in any of the transactions of life, where the real name is more appropriate. There might be circumstances where its use would be sufficiently appropriate, but in correspondence with a mere friend it ought to be omitted. 2. We think the firm you inquire about is entirely reliable. 3. The form of the note would depend upon the degree of intimacy. You might simply send the present with your best wishes. In the case of friend only this would be the better plan. The case is one of those where a person's own taste and feelings must be the sole guide. 4. The silver three cent pieces except, perhaps, one or two issues, have no fancy value. 5. Handwriting is no sure test of temperament, but venturing on a guess we would say yours indicated an impulsive, lively, nervous disposition, with a will and way of your own.